

OBLIVION A new comicstrip story begins!



DOCTOR WHO

M A G A Z I N E

INSIDE

Clever-clever
Who gets self aware!

Colin Baker
On hiatus!

The Time Team
Meet the Martians!

Power Plant!

DWM 523 13 Nov 2002 • UK £3.40 • US \$6.80



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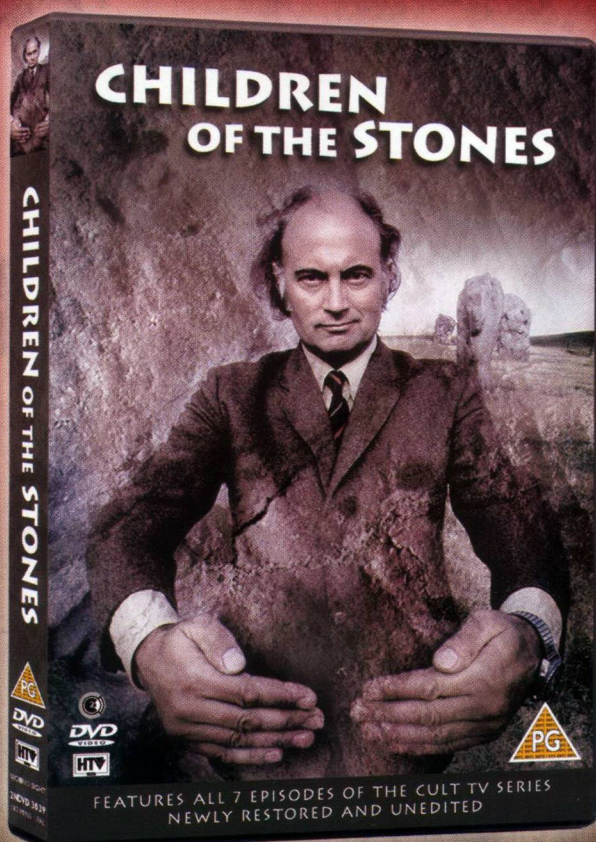
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panini COMICS

The Sixth Doctor can't leaf well alone as the terrifying Vervoids take root in The DWM Archive!

Two cult series finally available in their complete, unedited versions.



An HTV Production © HTV Limited 1977



Gareth Thomas and Iain Cuthbertson star in this cult tale of the supernatural.

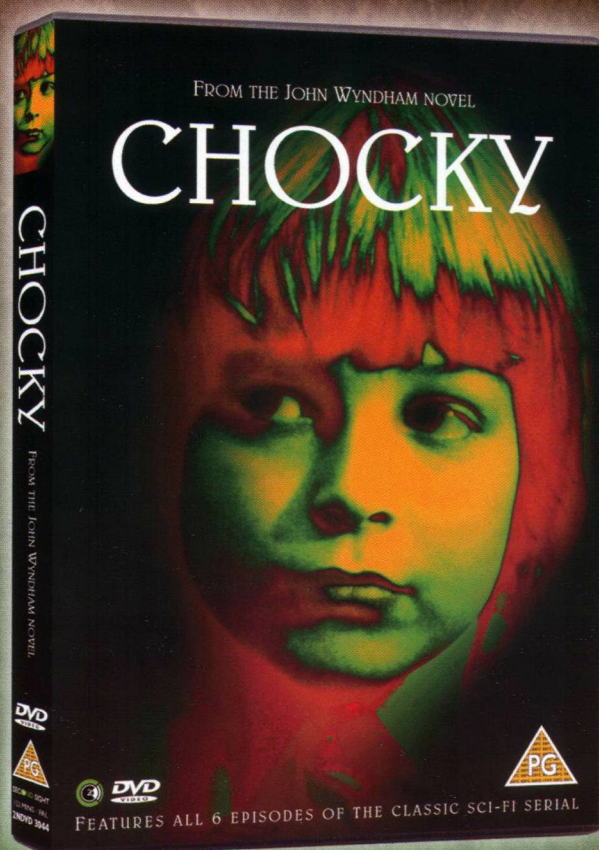
DVD includes:

- ▶ Interview with Gareth Thomas
- ▶ Interview with director Peter Graham Scott
- ▶ Production stills
- ▶ Extensive productions notes and filmographies.

John Wyndham's sci-fi classic adapted by Doctor Who writer Anthony Read.

- ▶ DVD includes interview with Anthony Read

Out now on **DVD**
and video at



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SECOND SIGHT



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"Michael Grade clearly hasn't exorcised his particular antipathy towards Doctor Who. He talks about his Official Horses Arse Award with such pride!" More of the wit, wisdom, and acid tongue of Colin Baker!

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Ian Hogg is a lot like a doughnut. Or something. Let him tell you about spaceships, Shakespeare, crocodiles, Cornflakes, and his plans to assassinate Queen Victoria!

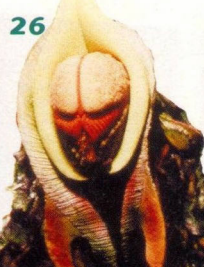
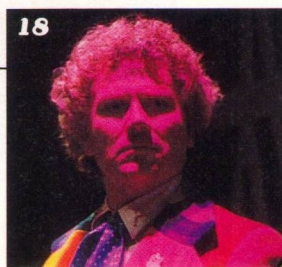
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10 POSTMODERNISM

Do you see what we did there?

Ripping off other shows! Laughing at genre conventions! Even mocking its own limitations! Are there no depths to which our favourite series will not stoop? Lance Parkin explains why clever old Doctor Who was actually the original Simpsons ...



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Thanks to Colin Baker, Jeremy & Paula Bentham, David Brunt, David J Howe, Ian Hogg, Anthony McKay, Julie Rogers, Jan Vincent-Rudzki, Gary Russell, Ed Stradling, BBC Worldwide, BBCi and Big Finish

Display advertising Lisa Palfrey
at Essential Media on 020 7405 7577

Doctor Who Magazine™ Issue 323. Published by Panini Publishing Ltd. Office of publication: Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5JL. Published every four weeks. All Doctor Who material is © BBC. Doctor Who logo © BBC Worldwide 1996. Daleks © Terry Nation. All other material is © Panini Publishing Ltd unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without the written permission of the publishers. This periodical may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication, but the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. "I think Peggy Mitchell should be the new Dr Who. She could tell the monsters to sling their hooks." Printed in the UK. Newstrade distribution: Marketforce (UK) Ltd, 020 7907 7728. Subscriptions: MRM, 01858 410510. ISSN 0957-9818

Editor's letter DEFINITELY MAYBE ...

"So Doctor Who's coming back! Who's going to be the new Doctor?" has been the cry of virtually everyone I've met over the past couple of weeks. Even tramps on the street have mentioned it (well I think that's what he said). Obviously I've then had to patiently explain that, although it's very heartening that BBC1 chief Lorraine Heggessey has said some positive things about the show (see Gallifrey Guardian for the full story), it was more a "well, maybe it might be nice one day" sort of positivity, rather than a "we're making it next week and Derek Jacobi is the new Doctor Who!" sort of positivity. Invariably, everyone then wandered off, saying "oh ..." in a disappointed way. Except the tramp, who asked me for a quid.

But then we've been here before, haven't we? About every two months judging by the press furore that still surrounds even the tiniest inking that TV's favourite Time Lord might be about to reappear. Still, never mind, eh? There's obviously something cooking over at TV Centre and, given that Doctor Who seems to have turned that corner into 'cool' nostalgia, rather than geeky sci-fi rubbishness in the eyes of the public, I reckon it's only a matter of time now. Do feel free to bring that comment back to haunt me in years to come, won't you ...?

Anyway, down to business. The Bernice Summerfield article we promised for this issue has had to be pushed back a

month due to the usual tedious publishing reasons, but we will be celebrating her tenth anniversary in DWM 324, never fear. You might also notice that the third and final part of our mammoth Colin Baker interview this issue is anything but final. Basically, Colin had far too much good stuff to say – and we've been getting very positive feedback from you guys about the feature – so rather than hack it down to fit, we've expanded the interview to five parts. There's plenty of juicy stuff to come, so we hope you'll agree it's worth it. Benjamin Cook might not, judging by his gnarled fingers from all that extra typing, poor lamb.

Talking of young Benjamin (and anyone who was at the DWM panel at this year's Panopticon will have seen just how young!), this will be his final issue as editorial assistant, as he's bugging off to University to learn proper things like what I know. He'll still be grilling celebs for us from time to time, so it's less a goodbye than a "clear off! You bloody students make me sick! And another thing ..."

So enjoy the issue, and let's meet back here next month to greet the new assistant in a Ribos Operation sort of way. Oh, and if anyone asks you who the next Doctor is, tell them it's Ross Kemp – with Michelle Collins as his assistant. Let's make the buggers sweat, eh?

Clay

Coming Up ...

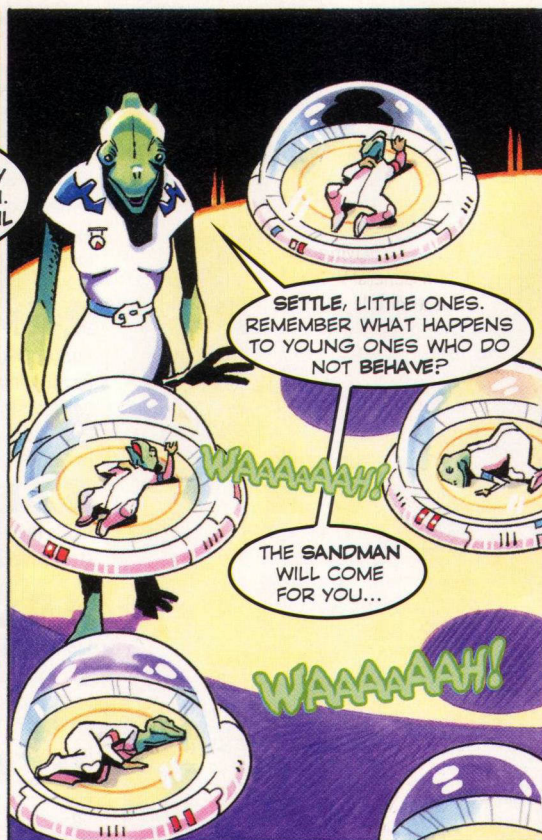
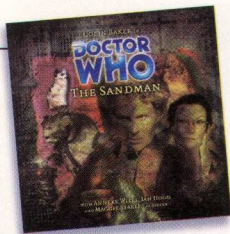


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN GERAGHTY

The Sandman

an audio drama by **Simon A Forward**



Released 24 October

Featuring The Sixth Doctor and Evelyn Smythe
Enemies The Galyari, perhaps; but more notably, their own nemesis ...

Setting The Clutch, and a Galyari world
You'll like this if you like ... the novels of Larry Niven, *The Silurians* or *Sea Devils*' backstory, the Doctor's perplexing behaviour in *The Twin Dilemma*
Listen out for Anneke Wills as an alien!

The Doctor Colin Baker
Evelyn Smythe Maggie Stables
Director Nrosha Anneke Wills
General Voahkar Ian Hogg
Mr Mordecan Robin Bowerman
Nintaru Stephanie Colburn
Orchestrator Shol Mark Donovan
Commander Brel Mark Wharton

Music Russell Stone
Producers Gary Russell & Jason Haigh-Ellery and Jacqueline Rayner
Director Jason Haigh-Ellery

The Doctor takes Evelyn to visit the Clutch, a vast interstellar convoy of ships "clustering together for protection," observing that his return there is long overdue. The remarkable conglomeration attracts traders, miners, and Star Gypsies. The Galyari, an apparently lizard-like species with strong collective memories, control the Clutch. They have an ingrained fear of terrible vengeance from the Sandman - or, as they have also known him for centuries, the Doctor! Among the Galyari within the Clutch, none feel this enmity more sharply than Director Nrosha ...

When the Doctor takes Evelyn to the centre of Galyari operations, she is mortified to find him behaving just as the fearful aliens expect. Why is the Time Lord a bad memory to the Galyari? What role has he played in their distant past? Why can no Galyari look directly at the Doctor? And are the macabre stories about the Sandman true?

The Sandman is the third consecutive Doctor Who audio from writers new to the Big Finish range, although this one arrives just eight months after the publication of Simon A Forward's debut BBC novel, *Drift*. How rapid was the gestation of *The Sandman*? Had both story ideas been lurking in Forward's head for some time?

"Drift had been gestating in my head ever since I first saw the [Coen Brothers' 1996] movie *Fargo*," he recalls, "whereas *The Sandman* existed as two diverse story ideas that ultimately merged into one. Of these, one was a short story idea that I'd toyed with submitting to BBC Books. Neither gestated for very long - most of my ideas evolve pretty rapidly once I'm on a creative roll." As *The Sandman* is his very first drama commission, how

had Forward reacted to getting the go-ahead? "I was, as with *Drift*, as excited as a kid at Christmas, because it fitted perfectly with my ambitions for a varied writing career, and came so soon after my first novel."

Had he pitched several ideas to Big Finish, or struck lucky first time? "It was a first time hit. I'd made inquiries about submitting to Big Finish, and [co-producer] Gary Russell indicated there were slots available for the *Excelsis* series, so I originally pitched for that. Gary got back to me a month or two later saying no, but he'd like to develop my idea as a full four-parter in its own right." How close is the end result to what Simon originally suggested? "We talked about an alien setting," he reveals, "and the perfect idea instantly suggested itself from this other story, so I did a treatment that same night. The two merged so nicely that

the finished script isn't very different to what took shape right then."

The Sandman's setting is amongst the more ambitious that Big Finish have commissioned. Where did the

'The Sandman came together from two distinct story ideas'



idea for *The Clutch* originate? "The setting, and the Galyari, were something that I'd originally devised for - of all things - a role-playing game campaign in my dim and distant past." Was Simon given feedback about its practicality on audio? "Gary never questioned its manageability on audio. He just wanted to ensure an interesting variety of background sounds throughout the different ships."

Was *The Sandman* always intended for The Sixth Doctor and Evelyn? "It started life for the Sixth Doctor *Excelsis* slot, but once slated for full story treatment it was meant for him and Evelyn. It was another part of the



challenge to write for a companion I'd never actually seen in action, but it only took a few listens of other audios – principally the excellent *Bloodtide* – and some gentle guidance from Gary to get her right."

The author gives several scripted indications about both Galyari biology and the more mammalian Cuscaru. If Simon had to describe his aliens via Earth species, what would he say? "The Galyari are a hybrid of a chameleon, an allosaurus, a humanoid and something a bit avian. As for the Cuscaru, well, they're a bit simpler – kind of gopher-like, although perhaps less well-endowed in the denture department. I've not been involved with their design, and I'll be interested to see what they look like on the cover if they feature. The clues are in the script though."

How did Forward react to discovering that Anneke Wills would be playing a leading Galyari? "A few months after the script was completed, I asked Gary what the state of play was, and he told me that *The Sandman* had been BBC approval. And by the way, he had cast Anneke Wills as Nrosha! As a *Who* fan, I was suitably awed and it gave me an extra buzz. Ian Hogg was another bonus, as his striking performance in *Ghost Light* left a real impression on me – spooky!"

For Anneke Wills, best known as monochrome-era companion Polly, it's not her first *Doctor Who* recording to emerge in 2002 (she narrated the BBC release of *The Smugglers*), nor is it her first Big Finish drama (Anneke guest-starred in *Beyond the Sun*, a Bernice Summerfield audio adventure) – it is, however, her first new *Doctor Who* drama since 1967 ...

"I have actually been asked before" she reveals, "but this is the first time that it fitted in for me." Did it feel strange to be back under the banner? "No, not at all – it feels like climbing back home, in a way." But in this one she's hardly the dolly bird assistant ... "It's very hard, because we're having to growl rather like a dinosaur would. You're pushing so much technically that after half a page, your throat's given out – it's really difficult. You have to relax your voice – and put this pressure on – to growl. But how heavenly," she laughs, "how cathartic can it be to be paid for recording a whole load of snarling and spitting?"

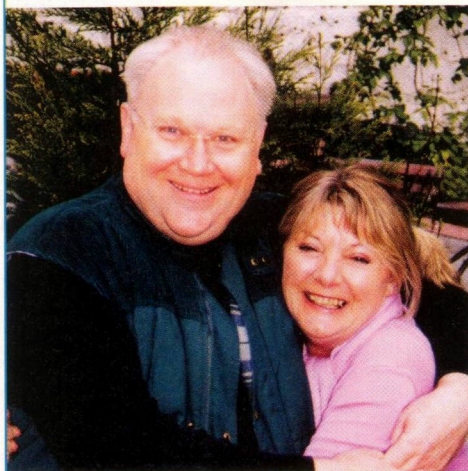
Her character, Nrosha, definitely has a grudge against the Doctor. "She perceives him as this monster who comes to terrify her people, and it affects her very personally. As an actor, it's very exciting to figure out playing an alien for the first time – I have always been a human being before, so when Gary told me 'It's a dinosaur!' ... I could get into the character. If you're a top predator, nothing frightens

this one so far today ... It's a bit like Uranium-235 – too much of it in the same room, and you could get an uncontrolled explosion!

"It's also lovely to work with Ian Hogg," Colin enthuses, "an actor I've admired for many years via his work with the Royal Shakespeare Company. He's always playing extraordinarily powerful, dangerous, violent people. There's so much seething beneath that acting ... and then he turns out to be the gentlest, animal-loving person you could ever meet. And here he is, playing Julius Caesar for the RSC by night, and General Vroshkar of the Galyari by day!"

This is a complex story for the Sixth Doctor, even considering Big Finish's evolution of that era. "Oh, I like them complex," chuckles Colin. "To put the obverse side, I've always disliked being spoon-fed, and hoped that some of my Doctor's stories might turn out a little angular. Certain people will think 'But the Doctor should not interfere' when he has decidedly done so here. Even my own companion isn't quite sure what I'm up to. I enjoy doing stories with Maggie – and I enjoy appalling her, as I do here, but people with objectivity and compassion should always interfere ..."

What does Maggie Stables think is going through Evelyn's head during the revelations of *The Sandman*? "I think she's quite dumbfounded" says the actress. "It's never entered her mind that the Doctor could be



Colin and Anneke – a happy reunion in Stockwell. © M. WYMAN

anything other than what she's known him to be previously. In a way Evelyn is at her most 'Evelyn' in this one, as she's commenting all the time – it brings out her more reflective side."

Another former *Doctor Who* assistant makes a return in *The Sandman* ... well, sort of. In 1989, Stephanie Colburn played the alien Zog in the stage tour of *The Ultimate Adventure*. "Yes – it's come full circle" she says. "I sent Gary my tape a couple of years ago, and just recently an e-mail arrived from him, and I thought, 'Well, back to *Doctor Who* after all these years ...'" Stephanie fondly recalls her stage role alongside Jon Pertwee and Colin Baker: "I was given free reign to invent my own language, and I had a costume made entirely of goatskin in the middle of a heatwave! But we got through it all and I had a good rapport with Colin – lots of laughs on and off-stage." No suits are required to play an alien in *The Sandman*, of course. "I play Nintaru, an alien from one of the races that the Doctor gets involved with – a rather frightened creature. *The Sandman* is a wonderful story of good overcoming evil – or not, perhaps ..."

The story's recording in March 2002 occurred without the author present. "I've not heard any of it yet," confirms Simon, "which is at once a bit frustrating and all part of the excitement – but we do have a great cast there, so I'm sure they really got their teeth into the roles!" 🐉 MARK WYMAN



The cast of *The Sandman*. Dinosaurs – all of them! © M. WYMAN

you – except the Sandman, where all of her venom and rage comes out. And she does have a pretty powerful motive ..."

Anneke Wills and Colin Baker are old friends, thanks to the convention circuit. "I went to Australia with Anneke in 2001," recalls Colin. "In fact, quite possibly a year ago today, we climbed up Sydney Harbour Bridge together! That was special, and Anneke is, too. A rare spirit. We've never acted together before and we haven't recorded a scene in

YOUR COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE COMING MONTHS IN DOCTOR WHO

OCTOBER Saturday 19

TV Doctor Who: Arc of Infinity by Johnny Byrne [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa & Tegan] UK Gold

Sunday 20

TV Doctor Who: Snakedance by Christopher Bailey [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa & Tegan] UK Gold

Thursday 24

Audio drama Doctor Who: The Sandman by Simon A Forward [Sixth Doctor & Evelyn] Big Finish

Saturday 26

TV Doctor Who: Mawdryn Undead by Peter Grimwade [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Sunday 27

TV Doctor Who: Terminus by Steve Gallagher [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

NOVEMBER

Saturday 2

TV Doctor Who: Enlightenment by Barbara Clegg [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Sunday 3

TV Doctor Who: The King's Demons by Terence Dudley [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Monday 4

Video Doctor Who: First Doctor Box Set by Dennis Spooner, Donald Cotton & Peter R Newman [First Doctor, Ian, Barbara, Susan, Vicki, Steven & Dodo] BBC Video

Audio Doctor Who: The Savages by Ian Stuart Black [First Doctor, Steven & Dodo] BBC Audio
Novel Doctor Who: The Infinity Race by Simon Messingham [Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Angi] BBC Books

Thursday 7

Audio Sarah Jane Smith: Mirror, Signal, Manoeuvre by Peter Anghelides [Sarah Jane Smith] Big Finish

Saturday 9

TV Doctor Who: The Five Doctors by Terrance Dicks [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Tegan, etc, etc, etc ...] UK Gold

Sunday 10

TV Doctor Who: Warriors of the Deep by Johnny Byrne [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Thursday 14

DWM 324 on sale!

Saturday 16

TV Doctor Who: The Awakening by Eric Pringle [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Sunday 17

TV Doctor Who: Frontios by Christopher H Bidmead [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Monday 18

DVD Doctor Who: Resurrection of the Daleks by Eric Saward [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] BBC Video

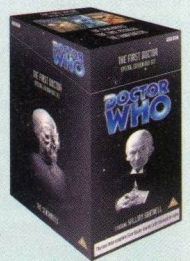
Saturday 23

TV Doctor Who: Resurrection of the Daleks by Eric Saward [Fifth Doctor, Tegan & Turlough] UK Gold

Novella Doctor Who: Foreign Devils by Andrew Cartmel [Second Doctor, Jamie & Zoe] Telos

Sunday 24

TV Doctor Who: Planet of Fire by Peter Grimwade [Fifth Doctor, Turlough & Peri] UK Gold



Except where stated: BBC Books novels £5.99; BBC videos £12.99; BBC DVDs £19.99; BBC Radio Collection/Big Finish audios £13.99 [all double CD]. All prices quoted are RRP.

Gallifrey Guardian

Seeds Extrama

A 25-minute featurette entitled *Sssowing the Sssseedssss* has been added to the impressive list of extras on next February's *The Seeds of Death* DVD release. The film will reunite actors Sonny Caldinez and Alan Bennion with make-up artist Sylvia James.

Fault of the Daleks

Warner Home Video are taking action following discovery of an audio fault on the Region 2 DVD release of *Dr Who and the Daleks*. "We will replace any faulty discs," says a representative, "if consumers send their original disc only – without packaging – as proof of purchase, along with their name and address. A new disc will be dispatched within 28 days." This offer is strictly limited and will expire on 31 December 2002.

Delay of the Cyberman

Product Enterprise's eagerly-awaited Talking Cybermen has been further delayed. "We received samples from our factory for final approval prior to shipping," they say, "but they were not up to our high standards. Modifications are being made to the helmet, making for a more faithful reproduction." This item will now not go on sale until early November.

Missing merchandise?



Are you searching for a Dalek lampshade? Or how about that elusive TARDIS bubble bath? A brand new website – www.mallarky.com – might be able to help. Set up by a group of UK-based Doctor Who fans, the site is designed to

enable anyone looking for items of merchandise to get in touch with those who want to sell or swap their own goodies. The site is free for users to list as much as they like for the first two months.

34...ish!

Big Finish audio drama ...ish has been released with an incorrect number on its spine – 34 rather than 35. Big Finish have promised to issue a free reprint to anyone who sends an SAE to: ...ish Cover Replacement, Big Finish Productions, PO Box 1127, Maidenhead, Berkshire, SL6 3LW.

Radiophonic Re-issues

BBC Radiophonic Music (aka 'The Pink Album') and *The Radiophonic Workshop* albums – originally released in 1968 and 1975 respectively – are to be re-issued on CD in October. Both have been remastered by Doctor Who musician Mark Ayres. The releases do not contain Doctor Who music.

BBV shooting spree!

On 23 September, BBV commenced filming on a brand new video production. At the time of writing, the identity of the antagonist is under wraps, but the cast includes BBV stalwarts Jo Castleton, Daniel Harcourt and Keith Drinkel.

EXCLUSIVE! SHOCK AS NOVELLAS PUBLISHER LOSES LICENCE

Ta-Ta Telos!

Telos Publishing has announced that its acclaimed range of hardback *Doctor Who* novellas will come to an end in March 2004, as BBC Worldwide have declined a request to extend the licence beyond that date.

"We are shocked and deeply saddened by BBC Worldwide's decision," says David J Howe of Telos. "We know this will greatly disappoint our thousands of regular readers. Having discussed the situation with BBC Worldwide, however, we are resigned to the fact that there is nothing we can do to persuade them to change their minds."

"As we approach the end of our licence period, we will be reducing the print-runs of the novellas to meet immediate demand – but we intend for the books published during the remainder of our licence period to be of the highest quality. We have a very strong schedule for 2003 ..."

The anniversary year kicks off with January's release, *Rip Tide*, an Eighth Doctor adventure penned by prolific fantasy author Louise Cooper. Set in the author's home county of Cornwall, *Rip Tide* will feature an introduction by popular thriller writer Stephen Gallagher, who wrote *Warriors' Gate* and *Terminus* for the TV series. The deluxe edition will also feature a frontispiece by Fred Gambino, who painted the covers to *Lungbarrow* and *The Dying Days* for Virgin Books.

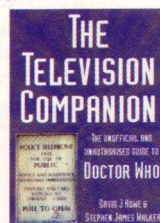
March will then see the release of dark fantasy novelist Mark Chadbourne's *Wonderland*, with Simon A Forward's *Shell Shock* and Daniel O'Mahony's *The*

Cabinet of Light to follow in May and June 2003 respectively.

"Some of the novellas are more traditional adventures, while others are more experimental mood or character pieces," says Howe, "but all of them are excellent works of fiction in their own right."

Shown right is Mike Collins' frontispiece artwork for the deluxe edition of *Foreign Devils*, November's Second Doctor novella, written by ex-script editor Andrew Cartmel.

Telos Publishing are also planning an unofficial reissue of Howe and Stephen James Walker's seminal *Doctor Who* reference work *The Television Companion* next May. And rather than being a straight reprint, the writers intend to rework some of the material from their Virgin *Doctor Who* Handbooks into the reprint, alongside some material that did not make it into the BBC Books edition. There will also be a limited edition hardback, numbered and signed by the authors available. The cover to the new edition of the book is shown left.



Saturday night's alright?



Could *Doctor Who* soon be making a TV comeback? Rumours have been well and truly fuelled following an interview with BBC1 chief Lorraine Heggessey [left], who spoke to Simon Mayo of Radio Five Live on 17 September.

"*Doctor Who* was a fantastic series," said Heggessey, "and I think we should be looking at ways to reinvent it ... Discussions are going on at the moment, but they are in the very early stages. There is an awful lot to sort out, including copyright and so on – but yes, it could be coming back. And teatime on Saturdays would seem an appropriate place."

A number of newspapers and television shows were quick to pick up on the story as a confirmation that the show is coming back, even though Ms Heggessey's comments don't specifically state this. As ever, *DWM* will report further developments when and if they happen. Fingers crossed ...

Events round-up ...

Borders Books in Market Place, Kingston Upon Thames, is holding a special *Doctor Who* day on 16 November. From 1.00pm until 6.00pm, several *Doctor Who* authors will be discussing their work and signing books – including Andrew Cartmel, who will be launching his *Foreign Devils* novella at the event. Also present will be Product Enterprise – with talking Daleks and Cybermen, as well as the new radio-controlled Dalek. For more information, contact Cameron at Borders Books on 020 8974 9444 or Telos at david@telos.co.uk

On 19 October, Elisabeth Sladen will be on hand to sign copies of the new range of Big Finish Sarah-Jane Smith CDs at 10th Planet in Barking. For more information see 10th Planet's advert on page 51.

Also, Down To Earth in association with 10th Planet are planning their third *Doctor Who* Riverboat Cruise for 3 November. Confirmed guests include Mark Strickson, Prentis Hancock, Jeremy Young, India Fisher and Lisa Bowerman. The

boat will leave from Thameside Promenade, Caversham, Reading. Ticket prices are £40.00 (adults) and £25.00 (children), which includes lunch with the guests. Secure booking is now available at www.tenthplanet.co.uk or on 020 8591 5357.



Lastly, Peter Davison has been added to the guest list of Dimensions on Tyne 2 – a convention taking place in Tyneside over the anniversary weekend of 23-24 November. He joins the already confirmed Colin Baker, Frazer Hines, Deborah Watling, Nicholas Courtney, Caroline John, Richard Franklin, Elisabeth Sladen, Louise Jameson, Mary Tamm, Geoffrey Beavers and Mike Tucker plus representatives from Big Finish and *DWM*.

Win Gallifrey!

"In all my travellings throughout Kent, I have battled against evil, against power-mad conspirators!" yells *DWM* editor Clayton Hickman, lobbying his copy of the recently released *WH Smith The Time Lord Collection* video box set – containing *The War Games*, *The Three Doctors* and *The Deadly Assassin* – across the office in a fit of pique. "Twelve months of absolute power – that's what it takes to be really corrupt!" And he should know... So, we now have five of these box sets (one slightly dented!), worth £27.99 each, to give away. The first name drawn out of a floppy hat after the closing date will receive ultra-rare limited edition number 0001; second prize is numbered 0002; and so on ... Plus, the top three winners will also receive limited edition numbers 0001, 2 and 3 of last year's *Davros Collection* box set. BBC Worldwide are obviously in a giving mood! For a chance of winning, all you have to do is answer this easy-peasy question:



Who does Chancellor Goth try to drown in *The Deadly Assassin*?

Is it [a] Doctor Who; [b] Mary Whitehouse; or [c] himself?

Answers on a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked VAPOURISATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION IS AGAINST THE CONSTITUTION! to the editorial address by 30 November, ta.

THE DOCTORS

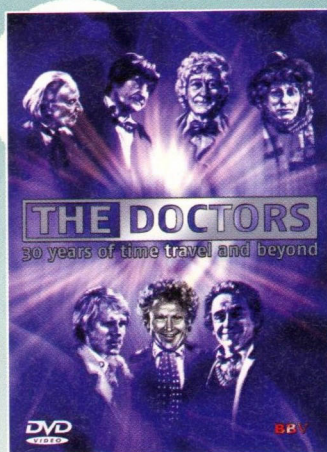
30 years of time travel and beyond

Exclusive Reader Offer

In 1994, BBV's Bill Baggs agreed on a collaboration to produce a video documentary based on Adrian Rigelsford's best selling book, *The Doctors – 30 Years of Time Travel and Beyond*. The documentary turned out to be one of the most frank and controversial appraisals of the *Doctor Who* phenomenon.

The documentary has now been converted to DVD format. Says producer Baggs: "There is only so much that you can fit onto a VHS tape and we had an awful lot of extra material left over. DVD has given us the opportunity to include this material. And now that the conversion process and menu authoring is affordable, we've grabbed that opportunity with both hands." So much so, in fact, that BBV are planning to release a further 15 titles on DVD in the future.

The *Doctors* boasts a huge number of *Doctor Who* talents from both on and off screen. Philip Hinchcliffe and John Nathan-Turner were keen to speak about their time producing the show, while director David Maloney talks about his recollections of the show's early years. Four ex-Doctors are also interviewed – Jon Pertwee,



Peter Davison, Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy, each with their own unique take on the series. *The Doctors* also includes interviews with Sally Faulkner and Wendy Padbury, who talk about their time working together on *The Invasion*, plus *The Trial of a Time Lord* star Brian Blessed.

"Each interviewee gave a frank and heartfelt summation of their time with the programme," says Baggs, "which was really gratifying – it gave the



documentary that extra something."

The Doctors also features rare home movie footage of the filming for *The Smugglers*, *The Abominable Snowmen*, *The Dæmons* and unfinished Tom Baker story *Shada*. And in its DVD incarnation, *The Doctors* comes complete with an extended interview with Philip Hinchcliffe, an unused interview with *Ghost Light* star Ian Hogg, and Sylvester McCoy touring the locations of *Remembrance of the Daleks* for a chat about exploding Daleks!

The Doctors – 30 Years of Time Travel and Beyond DVD is being offered exclusively to readers of *DWM* for only £13.99 (£16.50 outside UK) including postage and packing.

Simply complete the order form below and send it with your cheque or postal order, made payable to 'BBV Distribution', to: **The Doctors DVD Offer, BBV, 3 Douglas Crescent, Bitterne, Southampton, SO19 5JP**. This offer ends on 30 November 2002.

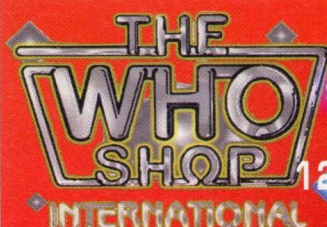
BBV are also running a special prize draw to win a free subscription to the remaining 15 BBV DVD titles. Entry forms will be inside each copy of *The Doctors* DVD – and the lucky winner will be drawn out of a hat by Sylvester McCoy at the end of November.

NOTE: The Doctors DVD is NTSC format, with Region 0 (all regions) coding. UK readers (and those in other regions using the PAL system) should check that their DVD player and TV set are compatible with NTSC playback.

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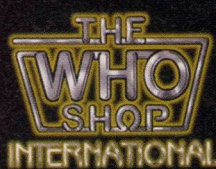
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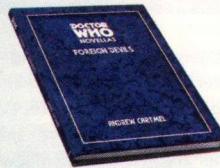
"According to the servants, it's like this all around the house," said Carnacki.

"And everything else has vanished," said the Doctor staring up, then down into the night sky. The stars were bright and cold and distant, stark clusters and swirls of them in the dizzyingly deep vaults of infinitely receding space.

"About three acres of irregular garden and woodland still surrounds the house," continued Carnacki calmly. "Beyond that all is... well, as you can see... void. Visualised in three dimensions I imagine the house is sitting on what resembles an enormous clod of earth."

"Which is floating in space." Zoe followed the Doctor's gaze, looking up at the sparsely spattered white of the infinite stars. "Space," echoed Carnacki. "The open cosmos. As if we are on the borderland between this world and infinity..."

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Any old irony

At last **DWM** is giving me, a slightly backward 15-year-old, exactly what I want. As I'm a complete emotional cripple, Tat Wood's guide on how to make friends [*How To Make Fans, DWM 320*] gave me advice that I desperately needed! Don't worry that bits of it were almost illegible – I can barely read anyway! And I think it's really great that you print six-page interviews with minor supporting characters [Yee Jee Tso, *DWM 320*] – I can't wait till you dedicate a whole issue to the Queen's memories of appearing in *Silver Nemesia*! If we could have more coverage of Big Brother and a big picture of Kylie's bum on the cover, that would be really cool!

GEOFF BROUGH
SHREWSBURY

Clayton, lovey! Just sit back, eat some chocolate, and say to yourself, "It's only a television programme." You know we only give our love so freely to *Doctor Who* because it really matters so little [Editor's Letter, *DWM 321*]. A bit of praise, then ... Fantastic Colin interview – I could hear him saying every word. And hey, I thought his tummy was rather nice – but he was right to lose the 'tache. And bless Andrew Pixley for discovering that the Billyfluff in *The Smugglers* is actually Hartnell getting his lines right! Finally, never mind Pletrac as Iain Drunken Spliff; just look at Kalik – thin, reedy-voiced, staring-eyed, full of anti-foreigner rhetoric, plotting to replace his leader ... It's John Redwood!

ALEX WILCOCK
ISLE OF DOGS

You love us

Thank you so much for your feature about *Doctor Who* on the internet [*DWM 322*]. You have neglected to mention *Who* on the information superhighway for far too long, so I sincerely hope that *The Web Planet* becomes a regular feature. Perhaps you could also consider some of the larger websites out there – BBC Cult, Outpost Gallifrey and so on – in future installments? And I would very much welcome a 'beginner's guide' kind of thing. Keep up the good work.

MIKE PATMORE
COVENTRY

Space-Time Telegraph [*DWM 321*] – bloody hilarious! Please make it a regular feature – but why can't we have both Sorvad and The Watcher in the same issue? We never see them together! I hope this doesn't spell the beginning of the end for The Watcher ...

And if I were to stumble upon a particularly juicy fascinating fact (only 32% of them are genuinely fascinating, you say?), might Sorvad permit me to send it to the *Space-Time Telegraph* newsdesk?

MICHAEL MANN
BARKING

Sorvad's always on the lookout for interesting tidbits, so feel free to send them in to the usual address.

I thoroughly enjoyed your recent interview with Peter Halliday [*DWM 321*]. He sounds like a very nice man – but is there something that you're not telling us? I mean, if Peter entered the acting profession 'almost sixty decades ago', as you quite clearly state, is he perhaps a Time Lord?

BOBBY RIDDELL
BIRMINGHAM

Real appeal

Every Friday lunchtime, a small gathering now builds up around our PC at work. Why? Because for the first time in years, there's a new episode of *Doctor Who* on! And it's fantastic! *Real Time* has been spot on in terms of storyline, performance and production. And what really makes it special for me is the fact that so many other people seem to have rediscovered a love for the show through it. The same people who've been having animated discussions about how good last week's episode of 24 are now asking the same questions about *Doctor Who*. We can't wait till next week!

If any future producers want to know how to make a *Doctor Who* that'll appeal to more than just fans, they need look no further – Big Finish seem to have cracked it. For me, *Real Time* has satisfied every criteria the BBC claims its drama output is supposed to – simply by starting with the basics ... An intelligent script, a cast who'll put their all into it and, above all, by not underestimating their audience. If you ask me, the final shocks in the story rival any of those classic spine-tingling moments of smashing shop windows and monsters marching through London.

STUART LYDON
SHEFFIELD



An illegitimate love-child. Allerredley. © BBC

I have never been anything but utterly impressed with Big Finish's audio output. The quality has been excellent. They have pushed back boundaries. So, it is with some regret that I write to complain about the utter pile of crap that was – and sadly still is – *Real Time*. A rambling story that goes absolutely nowhere, unnecessarily explicit violence, virtually inaudible Cybermen, an appalling performance from Yee Jee Tso, an inconclusive ending, and illustrations that make the Sixth Doctor look like the illegitimate love-child of

Christopher Biggins and Dame Thora Hird. Whatever has happened to Big Finish quality control? I never thought I'd say it, but – come back Dan Freedman! All is forgiven!

SCOTT CARTON
EDINBURGH

As someone who didn't know what the hell *Death Comes to Time* was on about, I have to say that the BBCi webcast of *Real Time* was brilliant. It was great to finally see the power and potential that the Cybermen – and probably every other *Doctor Who* monster – really does have. I'm not just talking presence; I'm talking of the real horror that these inhuman "things" are able to do! More of the same please!

JOHN BOLAND
BANBURY

I know I had mixed feelings about the Sixth Doctor when I first watched him back in 1986. Whenever Colin Baker was mentioned, my mind immediately went back to *The Twin Dilemma* and the Doctor choking Peri – but since that time, having read Gary Russell's *Business Unusual* and listened to the Big Finish audios and webcast, I have come to enjoy the Sixth Doctor's adventures. And contrary to his comments in the current *DWM* interview, I'd enjoy seeing the Sixth Doctor on TV again, too.

KURT KOLKA
MICHIGAN, USA

Oh dear

I like Patrick Troughton. Might he have liked me?

ANTHONY SMITH
VIA E-MAIL

We sent him a letter, but we haven't heard back ...

We also heard from

Gary Watson ("Am I right in thinking that Fey is the first lesbian *Doctor Who* companion?" – Maybe. Have you asked all the others?); Phil Smith ("Keep up the good work Big Finish! May you get much bigger but never Finish!"); Paul Blanche ("Did I spot Jackie Jenkins grasping a cuddly Tom in issue 320? We were never told her real name, were we? Is she a relation of a previous editor?" – yes, no, no); Laurie Avery ("having just heard Big Finish's *Doctor Who* and the Rapture, with its witty, gripping and oh-so-clever down-wiv-ver-kids script, I'm hugely looking forward to their next production, *Doctor Who* and the Hamlet, by a tree full of monkeys"); Christopher Marton ("Congratulations on the Third Doctor special, the only cultural artefact from the naff early-1970s that still stands up"); Paul Clarke ("let me tell you this: *Xena Magazine* sometimes said the odd good thing about *Doctor Who* so why don't you do them a favour" – Clay used to write for them and he did do them a favour ... he left); Jonathon Lytle ("I just saw an advert for a 'life' – I've always been meaning to get one of those"); Mike Hickman ("fandom can be bitchy and unpleasant at times, but at its best it can be friendly and sociable in a way few other pastimes can be"); and many more ...

NEXT ISSUE

Doctor in Need!



E20 plays host to an intergalactic punch-up as Andrew Pixley comes over all cockney, pickling *Dimensions in Time* in our Archive like a gherkin in a jar. Oh, and just wait until you hear about the stories we nearly got instead ... Cor blimey, treacle!

Trial run!

"I'd never use my TARDIS as a toilet!" insists Colin Baker, guiding us through the trials and tribulations of Season Twenty-Three in the fourth (and penultimate) part of our, er, three-part interview!

Robot war!

Straight out of Kaldor City, Commander Uvanov – alias *The Robots of Death*'s Russell Hunter – tells tales of nasty robots and murder most horrid!

Party time!

We wish Bernice Summerfield a very happy tenth birthday. No – we really do this time! Crack open the champagne ...

Plus

The Doctor finds himself on the mean streets of Oblivion! The Time Team erupt! We surf the waves of the world wide web to find more top *Doctor Who* spots! And more thrills and spills than a night out at the Queen Vic ...

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nudge Wink Wink

POSTMODERNISM IN *DOCTOR WHO*? NO! DON'T RUN AWAY! IT ALL MAKES SENSE, HONEST, AND YOU DON'T NEED A PHD TO READ IT! JOIN **LANCE PARKIN** AS HE INVESTIGATES THE SHOW'S PENCHANT FOR PLUNDERING POPULAR CULTURE – AND FOR LAUGHING AT ITSELF ...

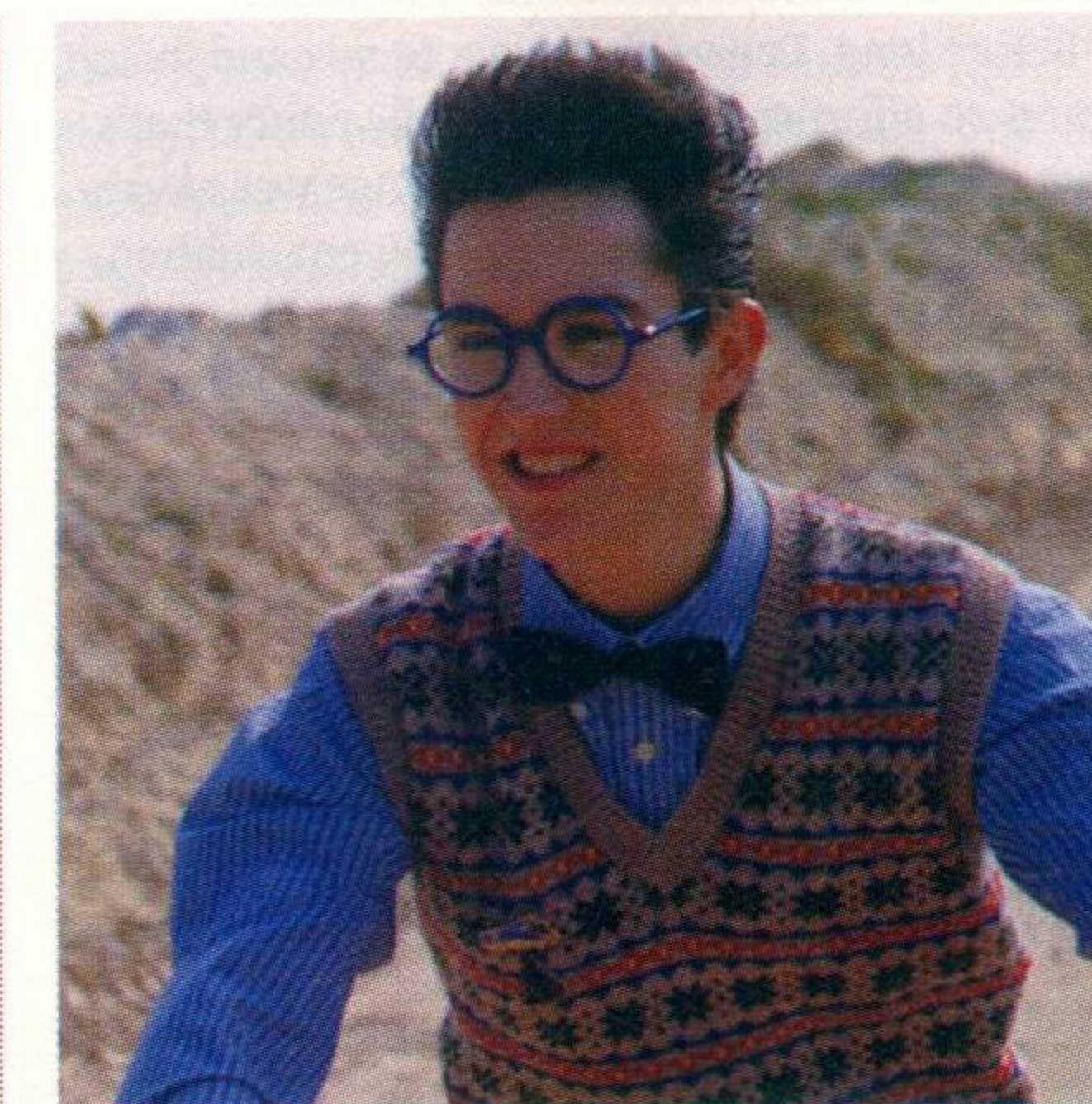
When people try to explain the appeal of *Doctor Who*, they often cite the fact that 'anything can happen' or that there are plenty of memorable monsters or companions, or that there's nostalgic appeal. Words that rarely make the list, though, are ones like 'playfulness' and 'jokes'. Fans might not discuss it very often, we may even prefer to pretend *Doctor Who* is 'serious drama' and our hackles may rise if it's suggested otherwise, but *Doctor Who* has a particularly characteristic sense of humour, one we could call 'self aware'. Right from the very start, the series was cheerfully ripping off other shows, laughing at genre conventions and even mocking its own limitations. It continued throughout its entire run, and while little-discussed, it's even more of a fixture of the show than the police box or even the Doctor himself – some episodes managed without them, but the vein of wit and self-parody is always there.

Usually *Doctor Who* is lumped in with shows like *Star Trek* as 'science fiction' or 'telefantasy'. But there's always been something deeply unsatisfying with that categorisation. Like *Doctor Who*, *Star Trek* might be set in outer space, but *Friends* and *Taxi Driver* are both set in New York, and you wouldn't lump them in together. *Doctor Who* fits in a lot more comfortably with *The Simpsons* than it does with, say, *Stargate SG1* or *Star Trek: Voyager*. Both *Doctor Who* and *The Simpsons* had, in their heyday, a huge family audience. Both worked on two levels – the cartoon action for kids, the more knowing references for their parents watching with them. Both attracted a group somewhere in the middle – fans who obsess about the programme, look out for things the ordinary audience would miss, who read and write books about the series.

Nowadays we take it for granted: shows like *The Simpsons* and films like the *Austin Powers* series are peppered with references to other television shows and films that stretch from characters' names to whole plots that are an extended homage to the original source; they have cameo appearances from famous people doing silly things; they stop every so often to point out that what the characters are doing doesn't actually make all that much sense. But *Doctor Who* started doing that 40 years ago, and never gave up.

There's a big word for this, kids: postmodernism. 'Postmodern' has become an overused label, one that appears almost at random in essays and reviews. But it's not a term for some obscure group of artists out on the *avant garde* – it's the word that describes the prevailing trends in mainstream culture – it covers everything from *The Name of the Rose* and the art of Damien Hirst, via *Harry Potter* and *Attack of the Clones*, to *Gorillaz* and *Kelly Osbourne* singing *Papa Don't Preach*. There are many different strands to it, and plenty of people have written plenty of books trying to define it, but at heart, postmodernism is about a rejection of the notion of essential truth – the death of objectivity. Replacing 'realistic' forms of art with more playful, subversive and self-aware forms. Camp. Mixing 'high' and 'low' art. Drawing attention to the fact that what you're watching or reading is fiction, rather than trying to convince you it's real. Subverting genre fiction. Quoting from an eclectic range of sources. Drawing on outside knowledge – the names and reputations of actors, writers and directors. Cross-referencing to other genres or specific works of fiction, often with its tongue firmly in its cheek, and encouraging its audience to 'read into' it.

So, basically, a good working definition of 'postmodernism' is 'being exactly like *Doctor Who*'.



"I make veiled references to *Doctor Who*. Ain't I clever?!"

Larry McCaffery, a leading writer on the subject, suggests that the start of postmodernism might be marked by the assassination of President Kennedy, on 22 November 1963, a day a lot of the certainties of the world were called into question.

Most TV series go for a house style, to let the audience know what to expect – *Doctor Who* set out to tell a different style of story every week. As such, it was very like the popular comic *The Eagle*, which always had Dan Dare on the front cover, but inside had an eclectic range of strips ranging from Captain Pugwash and police stories to the lives of Winston Churchill and King David. Like *The Eagle*, from one week to the next, *Doctor Who* took you onto a spaceship, to Marco Polo's expedition, back to caveman days, to a blasted alien planet, to the French Revolution ... in many ways it was almost an anthology series, like *Out of This World* (another Sydney Newman brainchild), but it also had running characters who kept the audience interested and loyally tuning in every week. A reader of *The Eagle* would get a variety of stories by a variety of creators, but the lines never got crossed, and the characters knew their place – PC49 and Fraser of Africa never teamed up to fight the Mekon.

The casting of William Russell as Ian was informative – he was the star of a couple of historical swashbucklers, well known for that genre, and he'd soon be doing much the same in the historical

'THE START OF POSTMODERNISM CAME WITH THE ASSASSINATION OF KENNEDY – SO *DOCTOR WHO* IS THE VERY FIRST ART OF THE POSTMODERN AGE!'

And everyone reading this knows what that means: the first episode of *Doctor Who* is the very first art of the postmodern age.

Boy, isn't it just?

At its conception, *Doctor Who* was a conscious attempt to be different from the usual drama

Doctor Who stories. *Doctor Who* was looking around, seeing what was popular in books, cinema and on TV (particularly ITV, who seemed to have a more populist touch) and picking up on that. The series is clearly influenced by *The Time Machine*, particularly the 1960 George Pal film version. The first Dalek



"If there's a time machine in there, I may have to mention how ridiculous that is." "How postmodern of you, Ian!" © BBC

serial, with its docile, beautiful Thals, pitted against the remorseless city-dwelling Daleks, has essentially the same premise (something which becomes even more obvious in the Cushing movie version). But *Doctor Who* was pilfering from pretty much everything it could find, and certainly not limiting its raids to 'science fiction' – the first episode, famously, begins like an episode of *Dixon of Dock Green*, before become a drama about two teachers and their problem pupil. There are 15 scenes in the first episode – and it's Scene 15 before we see inside the TARDIS and the show enters the realm of the fantastic. *Doctor Who* transforms a patchwork of ordinary, mundane television – the then equivalent of *The Bill* and *Grange Hill*, with a couple of soap opera teachers – into something magical and unique.

'WILLIAM RUSSELL WAS KNOWN FOR HISTORICAL SWASHBUCKLING, AND HE'D SOON BE DOING THE SAME IN THE HISTORICAL *DOCTOR WHO* STORIES'

Almost every story that followed has its roots showing – *Doctor Who* was never ashamed to wear its influences and source material on its sleeve. When assassins concoct an elaborate plan to kill a politician, as in *Day of the Jackal*, the story's called *Day of the Daleks*. When it rips off 1,000,000BC, it's called 100,000BC. It even manages to name a story after the Escher print that inspired it.

When Paul Cornell, Martin Day and Keith Topping wrote their 1994 *Doctor Who* reference book, *The Discontinuity Guide*, they had a section dedicated to listing the roots of each story. In theory, it's possible that a *Doctor Who* story could be told without referencing, pastiche or being informed by another book, film or TV show. *Star Trek* could most weeks. *Sapphire and Steel* did, *Moonbase 3* did, *Survivors* did, most of *Blakes 7* managed to. Surely it's extremely telling that, in practice, in almost 700 episodes, *Doctor Who* never, ever, managed to tell even one 'rootless' story?

There is some development in the use of source material in the early days of the show – at first, the writers are careful to keep the historical stories as close as possible to the facts, and to limit the sci-

ence fiction elements to the TARDIS crew itself. Our heroes can influence events – both *Marco Polo* and *The Aztecs* have the threat of technology or knowledge from the future falling into the wrong hands – but Messr Marco doesn't fight alien monsters planning to destroy the world. By the end of the second series, as the show hit its first (and highest) peak of popularity, the creators felt able to loosen up a bit – suddenly, the Daleks were behind the mystery of the *Mary Celeste*, and a time traveller plotted to aid Harold against the Normans.

Before long, *Doctor Who* began to mix and match genres so effortlessly that you hardly notice that's what it's doing. Robert Holmes' adage was always that the show was written for intelligent children, and there's nothing an intelligent child likes more than spotting something for themselves. What

Doctor Who has always done is encourage a game of 'find the influences', playing a game with the audience. *Robots of Death* has a setting that's roughly one third the sandminers of *Dune*, one third the art deco styling of *Metropolis* (with a dash of futuristic glam rock) and the balance is made up of the Asimov Robot stories. It then uses that as the backdrop for a story that's pure *Murder on the Orient Express*. Young children probably don't spot the references at all. Their parents, though, can get their head round what is quite a complex alien society by relating it to what they understand – the greed of the crew, the sinister silence of their servants. The better read will spot the *Dune* references, the fans will spot how Taren Capel's name was derived. There are levels at work here – the crucial thing being that everything from the most casual or uninformed viewing of the show to the most obsessive and detailed is rewarded. There are in-jokes aplenty, but there's also a solid story. It's not just a game for the fans.

This can't be said of *Ghost Light*, the last story made as part of the regular series. Beloved of fans, *Ghost Light* is a patchwork of influences and

homages. It has by far the longest *Discontinuity Guide* 'Roots' section, running to 28 named sources, and even that only scratches the surface. The Doctor asks one of the most postmodern questions that's ever been asked: "Who was it said Earthmen never invite their ancestors round for dinner?" (the answer – "one of my former script editors"). There's a story in there, somewhere (Darwin's theories, dramatised as *Pygmalion*), but it's perhaps fair to say it's overwhelmed by echoes of other stories – *The Lost World*, *The Turn of the Screw*, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, building up into a compelling picture of Victorian belief, but one where the thrust of the narrative becomes lost. *Ghost Light* rewards rewatching – and reading of the novelisation and scripts – like few other stories, but doesn't work so well without that level of commitment.

There's clearly something going on that's far more than just 'being derivative' or 'plagiarism'. Right from the start, *Doctor Who* is doing more – it's making use of the old material and casting it in a new light. The best place to look for this is in the historical stories, where there were 'facts' that the series could play against.

The *Myth Makers* is a good example of this – the Trojan War is one of the great epic subjects of literature, and the story of *Troilus and Cressida* has been told by Homer, Chaucer and Shakespeare. Recently, the author Eric Shanower has begun *Age of Bronze*, a comic that tries to take all the available archaeological evidence to tell the 'true' story of the fall of Troy, one where the Gods themselves don't appear, even though they influence every aspect of the characters' lives. *Doctor Who* could have taken that approach – but *The Myth Makers* most certainly doesn't – it mocks and subverts the original epics. The Greeks are boorish and idiotic, the Trojans fey and ... idiotic. The acts that Homer ascribed to heroism and piety become acts of bullying or just coincidence. There's a Cyclops in it, but he's a mute midget. The story is full of great one-liners (Cassandra, the doom-saying prophet is told, "It's a bit late to say 'woe' to the horse", and Agamemnon's suggestion to the Doctor, who can't sleep because he's surrounded by the enemy army, is "try counting Trojans"). There's some great farcical plotting – mistaken identities, disguises, secret love trysts. But there's some clever reversing of expectation – the story of the Trojan War is well-known, and so viewers would be expecting a tragic ending for *Troilus*. Instead he gets to run off with *Cressida* and live happily ever after.

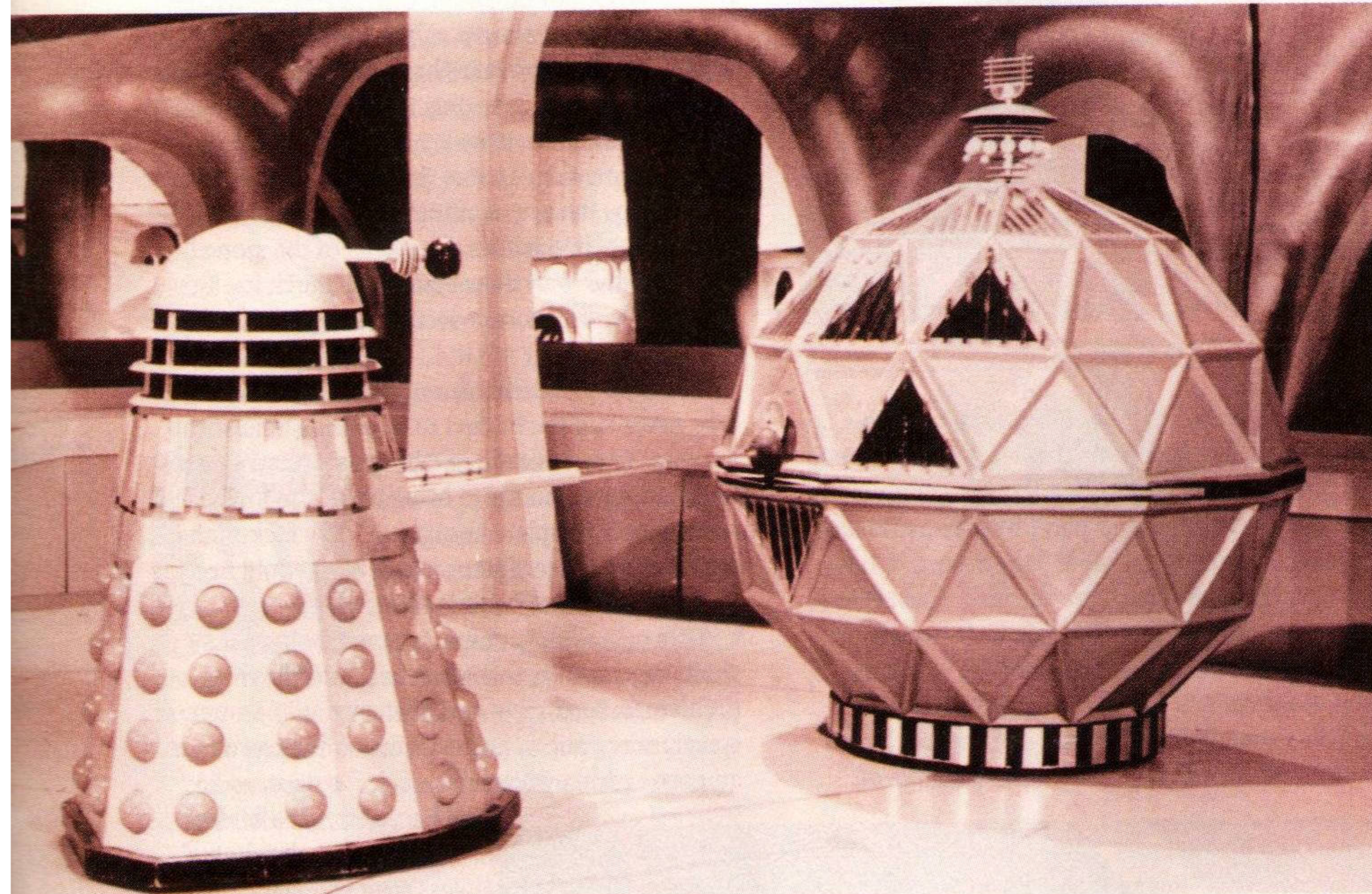
Doctor Who, then, was quickly making fun of the clichés and trappings of the things it was ripping off. But why does it do all this? The thing we shouldn't lose sight of is that *Doctor Who* was a family show. Vitally, this doesn't mean it's a programme made only for children – it's made for children and their parents. The people making *Doctor Who* knew that; as it's the adults who usually decide which channel to watch, the show would have to appeal to adults, too.

In practical terms, what this means is that,

right from the start, the people making *Doctor Who* have been talking to us on two levels – on the surface *Doctor Who* is a straightforward action series, the adventures of a Time Lord who travels through space and time fighting monsters. But there's something else going on – the makers of the programme often have characters say things that are aimed at the audience. There are knowing little winks. *Doctor Who* was never a 'spoof' – even a story like *The Pirate Planet* takes pains to work as a straightforward science fiction romp. But it means there are things put in that adults would relate to

happens to work in the way that makes their story the most dramatic ... not every writer has the guts to admit as much in the story itself.

And the more you look, the more you realise that every criticism or joke anyone's ever thought of at *Doctor Who*'s expense first appears in the series itself – the monsters don't look real, there are only about three of them, they only ever seem to invade that part of Earth that lies within the M25, all the alien planets look like quarries, soldiers fire bullets at monsters despite the fact they always just bounce off. Comedians and lazy journalists who



"I-am-sil-ly-but-spec-ial!"

"I'm just silly."

© BBC

or be entertained by. Most obviously, companions like Leela and Peri were put in to 'get the dads watching'. But the scripts were also peppered with jokes that children just couldn't be expected to understand; the P45 reference in *The Sun Makers*, and the Masonic stuff in *Paradise Towers* for example. These 'reference' jokes are there for the adults. But it's easy to laugh at other people. *Doctor Who*'s got the confidence to laugh at itself.

There's a lovely exchange in the second *Austin Powers* movie:

AUSTIN: Wait a tick. Basil, if I travel back to 1969 and I was frozen in 1967, presumably I could go visit my frozen self. But, if I'm still frozen in 1967, how could I have been unfrozen in the 1990s and travelled back ... oh, no, I've gone cross-eyed!

BASIL: I suggest you don't worry about this sort of thing and just enjoy yourself. [Turns to camera] That goes for you all, too.

It's mocking all time travel stories, of course – as every science fiction fan knows, going back in time would create all sorts of logic problems and potential paradoxes. But *Doctor Who* got there nearly 30 years earlier, frilly shirt and velvet jacket and all, in *Day of the Daleks*. Jo's worrying about exactly the same sort of thing, and going a bit cross-eyed:

JO: I just don't understand, I mean, why don't they go back to September 12th if that's where they want to be? You know, have another go?

DOCTOR: Well, that's the Blinovitch Limitation Effect.

JO: What?

It's virtually the same scene, deliberately raising the big question that goes right to the heart of the story logic before breezily ignoring the answer. *Austin Powers* isn't parodying *Doctor Who*, it's merely echoing it. Every writer who's ever written a time travel story has decided that time travel just

discuss *Doctor Who* often come up with the line about Daleks being unable to climb stairs. The show itself first made the joke in the third Dalek story, *The Chase*, and continued to point out the fact, in a variety of entertaining ways, over the years. It's why, almost without exception, the various *Doctor Who* spoofs and sketches over the years just weren't as funny or subversive as the show itself.

The Daleks were incredibly popular – but, right from the start, they were also incredibly silly. They were meant to be able to conquer the universe, in reality they couldn't mount a pavement or pick anything up. The people making *Doctor Who* knew better than anyone else that they only had three or

four Dalek props to play with, that they were difficult to use in the studio and practically impossible to use on location. They were the ones who were faced with the task of taking a line in the script like 'The Dalek snatches the sheet from Susan's hand' and making it look convincing. They knew, even before the first Dalek had been seen on screen, that the Daleks were a bit silly, but also a bit special.

Tellingly, when Terry Nation and David Whitaker wrote Dalek books and annuals, they could do in prose and pictures what was impossible on the screen – dramatic shots of Dalek fleets powering across space, vast armies of Daleks invading whole cities, the capitals of Earth falling one by one. And they did all that ... but they knew the silliness was just important, so there's plenty of that, too: we learn the Daleks can't see the colour red, that – I'm quoting here – 'Did you know that travelling over a flat surface, a Dalek can move at over two thousand miles an hour? On the M1 motorway, a Dalek could cover the distance between London and Birmingham in under two minutes' and that they refer to all non-Dalek life as 'Wibbials'. All very entertaining – but even an eight year old must have wondered if these 'facts' were entirely serious.

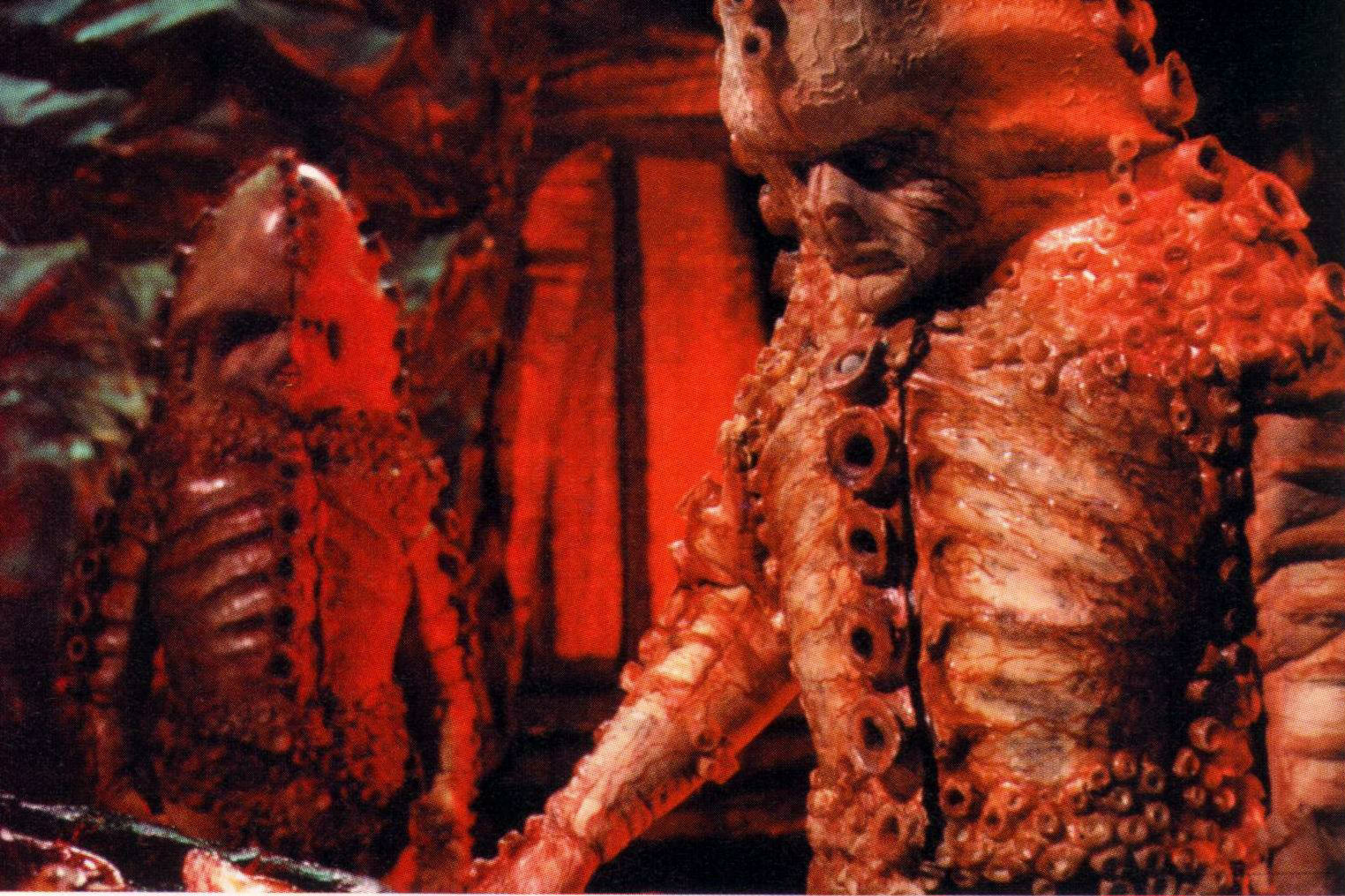
Instead of glossing over the problem that the Daleks were implausible to everyone but the smallest members of its audience, the people making *Doctor Who* highlighted it. It's very important to realise that by making jokes about the Daleks, they weren't saying the Daleks were worthless or 'destroying the illusion'. Fans got uptight (still do, in fact) about a scene in *Destiny of the Daleks*:

DOCTOR: If you're supposed to be the superior race of the universe, why don't you try climbing after us? Bye bye!

But that's just taking something about the Daleks that was self-evident and turning it around. It and the time travel quote are examples of the makers of the show entering into a debate with its audience, addressing the questions and criticisms the audience already has. Are the people who accuse *Destiny of the Daleks* of 'undermining' *Doctor Who* really suggesting it never occurred to anyone watching that Daleks couldn't climb stairs before that moment? It's much more clever and grown up to confront the problem than pretending that the Daleks are completely plausible and there's nothing less than completely functional about their design. And people may mock the Daleks in the show, but it never means they are anything less than utterly ruthless – even in the 'silly' *Destiny of the Daleks*, they work slaves to death, they execute



"That'll teach me to make postmodern jokes about Doctor Who's alien worlds looking like quarries ..." © BBC



"I'll take Europe, you can have the Americas and the other four can live on the Isle of Wight ..." © BBC

prisoners to make a point, they torture Romana and they line up to be suicide bombers. The Doctor laughs at the Daleks, but he still has to get out the way fast when they start shooting. It's a point that was made throughout the series, often with a surreal determination.

The Daleks are just the most memorable example of the show's limits, but there have been plenty of jokes along the same lines. In *The Hand of Fear*, the TARDIS lands in a quarry, and Sarah spends the first few minutes assuming it must be an alien planet. She never quite comes out and says why, but the audience understand the joke – scenes set on planets like Skaro and Exxilon were filmed in quarries, it was one of the clichés of the series. In *Terror of the Zygons*, the Doctor wonders why the Zygons are conquering Earth, noting, "Isn't it a bit large for just about six of you?". Again, it's drawing attention to something that's painfully obvious about the show – monster costumes are expensive, and so they usually only make a few of them. Perhaps the best joke of this ilk comes at the resolution of the first cliffhanger of *The Power of Kroll*. The scene is a fairly standard one – we've learned that the primitive Swampies sacrifice victims to their god Kroll, at the end of the first episode they do just this to Romana – as the credits rolled for Part One, the monster was advancing on her. The second episode begins with the Doctor arriving and pulling off the head of the 'monster'. He could tell straight away that it was just a man in a costume. The Doctor concedes, "He probably looked more convincing from the front", but the joke is that all *Doctor Who* monsters are men in suits, and the pretend monster was at least as convincing as the Shrivenzale or the Royal Beast of Tara earlier in the season (ie not very).

Crucially, small children and pofaced fans can read these scenes literally. Sarah is noting, in all seriousness, that she thinks the quarry might be an alien planet. It is a sensible position for her to hold – it's perfectly possible in story terms that this isn't Earth. What she's saying doesn't 'break the fourth wall' in the sense of a character addressing the audience directly. This does happen, of course, at many other points in the series. Unless you think that Morgus is dictating to his computer and that the people of Gallifrey are watching *The Daleks' Master Plan* as part of their Christmas celebrations. But the point of the scene in *The Hand of Fear* is that it's the actor and writers talking to the audience, joking about one of the show's clichés.

Sometimes the most glaring examples of this sort of thing are so obvious that we don't even register them. The name The Beatles, for example, is a pun – they were a 'beat combo'. But the name has become so familiar that most people need to have the joke pointed out to them. The title *Doctor Who* is another example of this. The title isn't a question. Even if there was a question mark, it's not something the show's in any hurry to answer, unlike, say, *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* (which doesn't have a question mark, either). It's another example of



"There's a million more of me outside if you wanna make something of it, buddy!" © BBC

Doctor Who looking conventional but not being. There's an outside chance people could see the show listed and think it was just another medical soap – there are plenty of television series, films and even beat combos called 'Doctor' something. *Dr No*, *Dr Kildare*, *Dr Dre*. But those are the names, or at least assumed names, of characters. *Dr No* has a character called *Dr No* in it. *Doctor Who* doesn't have a character called *Doctor Who* in it ... well, it possibly doesn't. The lead character's surname might be 'Who', but the show never quite comes

out and says it. What it does do is play on the audience's awareness that the show is called *Doctor Who* time and time again, with everything from lines like 'Doctor? Doctor who?' via aliases like Von Wer and Quiquaequod through to personalised number plates and question mark pullovers, or just by cutting away when the Doctor's surname is about to be said out loud. It never quite does the 'Knock, knock. Who's there? Doctor. Doctor Who? Precisely!' joke, but it wouldn't be out of place.

It's pretty much the ultimate postmodern joke – everyone in Britain knows that Tom Baker played *Doctor Who*. But he didn't. Except he might have done – it's not as simple as 'yes' or 'no', and you won't find the answer in the series itself. By definition, this running joke only works if you refer outside the fiction. Not very far outside – you only have to know the name of the show, after all – but it's perhaps the one example of a joke that can't be easily reconciled within the events of the stories.

So ... why? Why does *Doctor Who* mock itself so continually, why does it seem so intent to break the illusion?

A common lament among fans is that *Doctor Who* never had the budget to do things 'realistically' – and after a decade of telling us *Doctor Who* was too cheap and shoddy to bring back, the BBC have now done a complete U-turn and now reckon that actually, no, to 'compete', *Doctor Who* would need tens of millions of pounds spent on it.

This misses the point – not even Hollywood could fund a show that went 'realistically' from prehistoric Earth, to a vast alien city full of outer space robot people, to the China of Marco Polo, to an exotic planet week after week. To do it, as *Doctor*

Who had to, on a budget that was actually slightly less than an episode of *Z-Cars* was always going to be a fool's errand. No-one would be more aware of this than the people whose job it was to bring these worlds to the screen: the directors, writers, designers and producers.

So they ask us – explicitly ask us – to acknowledge the show's limitations. There's barely a story without a line like 'all these corridors look the same'. The *Invasion* takes the biscuit by having a scene where the Doctor runs into a room and goes "goodness me, there must be a thousand Cybermen out there!" ... we don't even see one! A recurring joke of the series is that something really big and epic and expensive is happening somewhere nearby but we never see it. In *Destiny of the Daleks*, two huge fleets hang in space, ready to launch into full-

scale war ... but we only see one small spaceship in the whole story. The *Trial of a Time Lord* features a massive uprising on Gallifrey and the High Council being deposed ... which we never see. The Sontarans are a race of clones, capable of breeding at the rate of a million every four minutes. We never see a single Sontaran clone being created. Instead of 'a million' Sontarans, their stories feature one, two (one of whom is only ever seen on a monitor screen), three, and two Sontarans. It's not exactly *Attack of the Clones*. The irony is, of course,

that when *The Curse of Fatal Death* parodied *Doctor Who*, it did so by actually showing us the army of thousands of Daleks behind the door.

The best example of this tendency to build something up as epic before bursting its bubble is the TARDIS itself. The first episode introduces us to something which is seemingly the perfect vehicle – gleaming control room, the ability to travel in time and space and to disguise itself, with enough room for everything a traveller might need. But the Doctor's quickly forced to concede that the TARDIS is a bit of a lemon as time machines go. Parts were always breaking – but not complicated things, stupid little things like springs and fuses and wires. The fantastic ability to change shape to fit its surroundings ... needs mending so that rather than blending in, it sticks out like a sore thumb. The monitor screen was meant to show colour pictures ... but it was only working in black and white (a fantastic joke at a time when the series was shown in black and white, of course). The icing on the cake is that the Doctor – who we're told at this point built the TARDIS – can't fly it. It's actually worse than useless.

When *Doctor Who* returns to TV, though, or if it becomes a big-budget movie, it'll have full access to CGI technology, it'll be able to create monsters and vistas undreamed of by the original series. Will this act as a substitute for imaginative ways round the challenges of depicting alien worlds and historical settings? Perhaps not. The problem was never purely one of limited budgets or special effects technology. *Doctor Who* never tried to be 'realistic' because the idea that a show about a man flying around in a police box ever could be 'realistic' is silly. It's a point made in the first episode, when Ian comes right out and says it:

IAN: Let me get this straight. A thing that looks like a police box standing in a junkyard. It can move anywhere in time and space?

SUSAN: Yes

DOCTOR: Quite so

IAN: But that's ridiculous!

Although the premise of the series is ridiculous, that isn't to say that it couldn't be entertaining or exciting, or that it couldn't make clever or interesting points. But it can simply never be naturalistic or realistic, even with a budget that could pay for all the tea in China. The show is far more like theatre than cinema, it's full of stage whispers, painted backdrops and people hiding in plain view. It's not meant as a literal depiction, but as something more stylised. There's an interesting philosophical point here – how much of what we see in the television series is meant to be taken as a true representation of reality? We can take it as read that 'really', there aren't production assistants occasionally wandering around caves in the far future, or camera cables on the floor, zips running down Silurians' backs or bits of TARDIS console coming off in people's hands. But where do we draw that line? Is the Napoleon of the *Doctor Who* universe much taller than in ours? Do the Cybermen really wear cricket gloves? Do the spaceships really look like washing up liquid bottles? Does Adric really walk and talk like that? Some fans have come up with elaborate theories about why the Cybermen look so different from story to story, even drawing family trees of Mondasian and Telosian Cybermen – but within the stories themselves, no-one ever comments that they look different. Ben recognises the Cybermen in *The Moonbase* as the monster he fought in *The Tenth Planet*; Jamie sees a couple of 'makes' of the Cybermen, but never comments that they've been redesigned. The Cybermen in *Silver Nemesis*, it

seems, are refugees from Mondas, but are the sleek 1980s Cybermen, not the clunky Tenth Planet ones. Do we take from that that Cybermen 'really' always just look like Cybermen to the people in the *Doctor Who* universe?

As noted, the show plays up on the discrepancy between 'fact' and 'fiction' any number of times – one of the running themes is that of scratching the surface; that we can't trust our eyes or what we're



TV's the Cybermen: Tenth Planet and Attack of the Cybermen vintages. Nope, still can't tell the difference ... © BBC Video

almost always go to great lengths to preserve the illusion that watching a soap is like looking through a window into a corner of the real world, right down to subtle things like – as in real life – not having incidental music or flashback or montage sequences. *Doctor Who* was different right from the start, Verity Lambert's picture appeared in the press, and the actors were keen to distance themselves from their characters in interviews. Fans of



told. Again, the Doctor and his TARDIS are perfect examples of something that can't be judged on appearances. There are plenty of planets where the Doctor pulls back the curtain to reveal that the true rulers are monsters, plenty of stories which have monsters who look beautiful but who are really evil. Stories set in history often played on the idea of revealing the 'truth' behind real events. But the Doctor didn't really drop apples on Isaac Newton's head, just as the Terileptils didn't really start the Great Fire of London. The viewers knew that the 'truth' shown in *Doctor Who* was absolutely no such thing. *Doctor Who* wasn't a treatise on the nature of reality, but it was constantly doing what a lot of postmodern art does – drawing attention to its status as fiction. The First Doctor, when asked if he's heard of television, turns to the camera and admits

Doctor Who have always been encouraged to follow what's going on behind the scenes. We've come to understand how the personalities of, say, John Nathan Turner, Eric Saward and Peter Davison shaped that era of the programme. We're just as likely to call a story a 'Robert Holmes' story as a 'Leela' one. When the lead actor of the show was recast, they didn't – as happens in soaps – cast someone who looked similar or gloss over the change within the programme. They did the exact opposite – made a huge fuss and went out of their way to publicise the new actor, even showed the old actor turning into the new one.

It always went further than a few interviews of production people in magazines and a higher than average number of 'making of' books. There are plenty of examples of the production team answer-

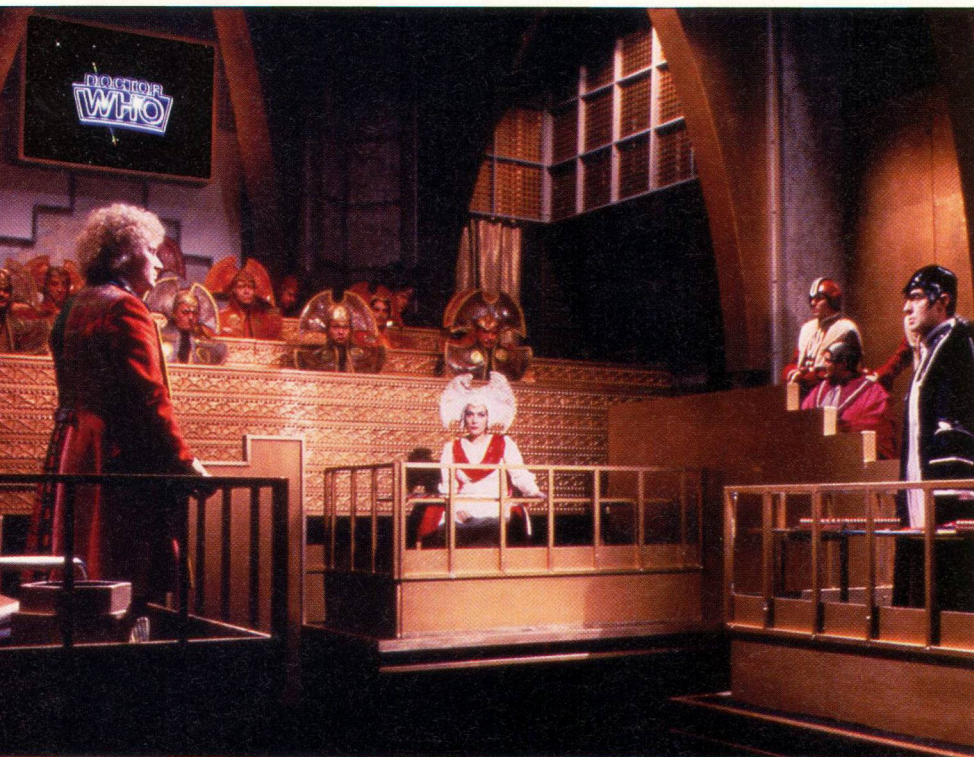
'DOCTOR WHO NEVER HAD THE BUDGET TO DO THINGS REALISTICALLY, SO THE SHOW EXPLICITLY ASKS US TO ACKNOWLEDGE ITS LIMITATIONS.'

"I've heard of the medium, yes". The audience is always being told to question the truth of what they're seeing in *Doctor Who*. It doesn't look real because it isn't real.

It's no coincidence that we *Doctor Who* fans can tell who script-edited a story just by watching it. Most television series try to maintain the barrier between the fiction and the fact – until recently, most soap operas had contracts forbidding the actors from appearing as 'themselves', and they still rigorously try to control access to behind the scenes information. The people making *Emmerdale* and *EastEnders* know that the people watching know that it's just a television programme, but they

ing specific criticisms of the show within the show itself. Sometimes, some of the things the characters say seem to come straight from the production office's postbag – Jamie complaining that the TARDIS only seems to land on Earth these days, the Fourth Doctor noting to Solon that people seemed to prefer his last incarnation, Whizzkid whinging that while he never saw the Show in the old days, he knows for a fact that it used to be better than the current rubbish.

There are occasions where the show seems to swing away from self-awareness, often with the arrival of a new production team. Both Jon Pertwee's first season and Tom Baker's last (the



"If you so much as think about asking us to switch over to *The A Team*, I'll see that you hang for it!" © BBC

seventh and eighteenth seasons) saw an attempt to ground the series more in reality, and to tone down the humour. But this in itself is an act of self-awareness. Season Eighteen introduces a new strain of fannish self-awareness to the show – the Master returns, *Logopolis* ends with a flashback roll call of old monsters and companions. The new four-man TARDIS crew was a conscious attempt to return to the larger teams of the 1960s. Season Eighteen, long championed by the more solemn fans as a return to form for a series that was becoming too entertaining and popular with a mass audience, has a reputation as being devoid of all humour, but in among the mind-numbing three-minute panning shots of beach huts, there are still plenty of jokes – from Brotadac's lusting after the Doctor's coat in *Meglos* ("Perhaps I can have it when he stops playing the Doctor"), to perhaps the best sight gag in the show's history in *Warriors' Gate* – the Doctor's armful of broken spears explaining what he's been doing during the very long scene we cut away to at the start of Part Two. The whole build-up to the regeneration (and much of what followed in the next season) depended on an understanding of what was going on behind the scenes.

The debate about the show that dogged it the longest is that it was too violent for children. The people making the series knew that the children in the audience liked to be scared. Even when Season Fifteen was told to 'tone down the violence', it still had people being electrocuted, shot through the head, steamed to death and thrown off tall build-

passenger ship. But if that isn't quite entertaining enough:

VORG: By a simple adjustment of the aggro-meter – so – these peaceful Terrans can be made to behave in an amusingly aggressive manner!

The grey-faced civil servants of Inter Minor are horrified – they're the intergalactic equivalent of dull BBC bureaucrats and NVLA killjoys. They don't like simulated violence – and lacking self-awareness, they fail to spot the irony in their proposed solution: the destruction of all involved.

Over on Varos, viewers watch sadistic images – tortures and executions. It's a comment on the wider 'video nasty' debate that was raging at the time, but it's also *Doctor Who* commenting on itself – the authorities plan to make a huge amount of money selling recordings of violent material from the past ... only a couple of weeks later *Pyramids of Mars* was released by BBC Video. Sil orchestrates the story's cliffhanger, putting the Doctor in jeopardy and ordering the end of the episode. Perhaps Varos crosses the line, though – it's a satire on television violence that criticises the makers and audience of 'video nasties', but it's also peddling a selection of gory, if not downright sadistic images. As the Valeyard would say in the next season (comprising several *Doctor Who* stories), "I too find it repugnant, my lady. But the Doctor has a well-known predilection for

cisely what the strengths of the show are.

Fans often wonder what the 'spirit of *Doctor Who*' is. Well, here's my stab at answering that – one of the key unique selling points of the series is its self-aware humour. Throughout its history, *Doctor Who* has cheerfully ripped off almost anything that's come its way, recasting it with a unique *Doctor Who* twist. There's always been a vein of self-mockery. And the people making *Doctor Who* do this not because they are ashamed of *Doctor Who*, but because it has always had the self-confidence to punch above its weight. *Doctor Who* isn't a silly show that thinks it's profound, like, say, *Space:1999*, it's a profound show that acts silly.

It's no coincidence that the Doctor sums this up when someone asks if he's serious by saying (altogether now) "About what I do, yes, not necessarily about how I do it". And it's no coincidence that the show has constantly mocked the po-faced – one of the defining characteristics of a *Doctor Who* monster or villain is that they lack humour.

One of the criticisms of postmodernism applies equally to *Doctor Who* – relentlessly deconstructing, parodying and drawing attention to the fact that it's not real can become as boring and clichéd as the things being parodied. If it's done badly, it can be derivative and unimaginative. There's also a real problem equating a sense of humour and being well-read with moral worth, but *Doctor Who* often seems to take the connection as read. The 'parlour game' of spotting the references and running gags can come to dominate proceedings, putting off any casual or new audiences. And when, as now, every single book, film, television series and pop record is endlessly quoting, pastiching and sampling from old books, films, television series and pop records, it becomes downright unhealthy. Even *Star Trek*'s at it these days, with *Star Trek VI*, *Trials and Tribbleations* and *Enterprise* all dependent on self-aware jokes.

But *Doctor Who* got there first. On *The Simpsons* DVD commentary, the directors and writers fall over themselves to say that they were the first show to have celebrities appearing in bit parts playing against type, to have references to old films and shows, to have characters drawing attention to the fact it's not real and to have characters reading books and misquoting poems. No they weren't. *Doctor Who* was there almost 30 years before. It's why so many *Doctor Who* fans now are *Buffy* fans and *Simpsons* fans. And why so few of us enjoy watching *Stargate* or *Voyager*, shows which represent precisely the 'surface' *Doctor Who* was there to scratch. Any science fiction series is capable of pastiching *Alien* with a group of humans on a big spaceship or colony planet slowly being murdered by relentless killer monsters, but only *Doctor Who* would have the audacity to cast Beryl Reid in the Sigourney Weaver role ...

DWM

'THE SIMPSONS CLAIMS TO BE THE FIRST TV SHOW WHICH IS EXPLICITLY POSTMODERN. NONSENSE! DOCTOR WHO GOT THERE 30 YEARS EARLIER ...'

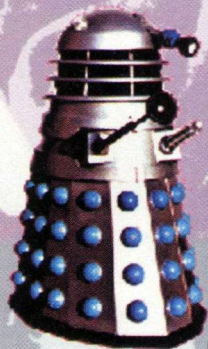
ings by an angry mob. The makers of *Doctor Who* used the show itself to engage directly with their critics over the 'violence debate'. The *Miniscope* in *Carnival of Monsters* has a typical *Doctor Who*ish plot playing – a dinosaur attacking a twentieth century

violence". But the way *Doctor Who* addressed the violence debate was clever and interesting: it dramatised it and satirised it in the show itself. This isn't self-awareness undermining or mocking the show, it's seeing it used as a tool to assert pre-



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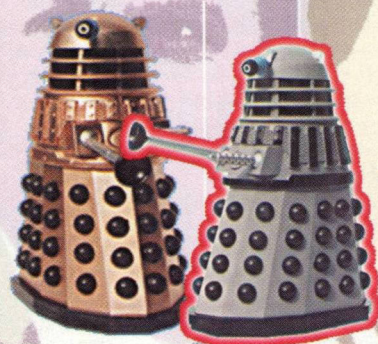


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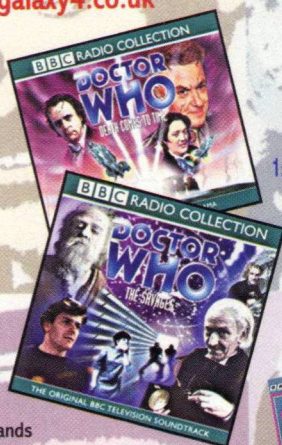
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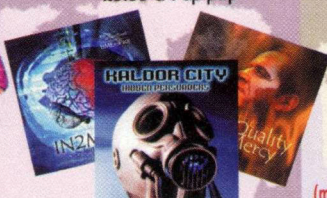
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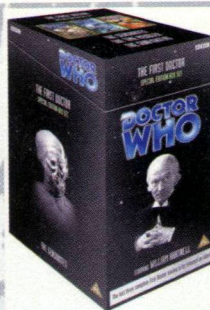
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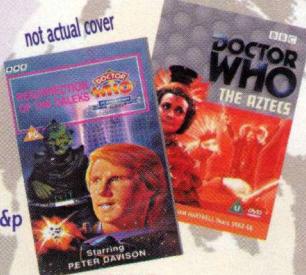
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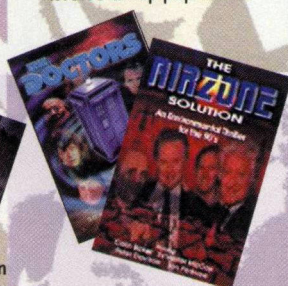
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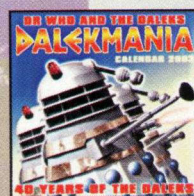
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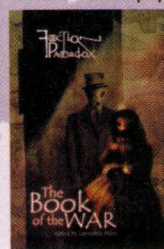
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“Grade really did throw a spanner in my works ...”

‘DR WHO AXED IN BBC PLOT!’ ... ‘BROKE BBC SHELVES DR WHO!’ ... ‘DR WHO DOWN-GRADED!’ ... SHOCK! HORROR! DOCTOR WHO IS DEAD! SORT OF! 18 MONTH HIATUS! STORM OF CONTROVERSY!

COLIN BAKER TALKS TO BENJAMIN COOK ABOUT THE TRUTH BEHIND THE HEADLINES ...

Colin Baker looks bemused – not angry, or saddened, or disgusted, but bemused. “Yeah – I heard about Room 101. I think it’s somewhat sad,” he admits, “that all these years later, Michael Grade clearly hasn’t exorcised his particular antipathy towards *Doctor Who*. He talks about his Official Horses Arse Award with such pride!”

Michael Grade was the Controller of BBC1 responsible for cancelling *Doctor Who* back in 1985. His autobiography is titled *It Seemed Like a Good Idea at the Time*, which may explain a few things. “I would

which were really only eight-feet long, because they move at such a funereal pace and fall over so easily. And yeah, sometimes I felt a bit silly. I mean, the poor Cybermen couldn’t see a bloody thing ...”

Colin singles out the casting of celebrity Faith Brown as Flast in *Attack of the Cybermen*: “I did think that was odd ... I mean, I wonder at the wisdom of casting someone as glamorous and talented as Faith Brown, and then sticking her inside something where you can’t see her face, or even that drop-dead gorgeous figure that she so amply possesses. She played Flast the Cryon beautifully, but to straitjacket

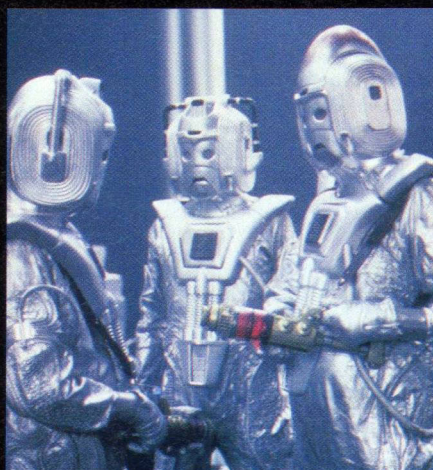
someone of her creativity inside something like that ...”

And even more bizarrely, Sir Laurence Olivier, no less, was almost cast as the Mutant in Part One of *Revelation of the Daleks* – according to Colin, anyway. “No, seriously! Gawn Grainger, who appeared as George Stephenson in *The Mark of the Rani*, was at that time appearing at the National Theatre. In fact, his son accepted his *Doctor Who* job for him – Gawn told us that he’d come home from work one day and his son had said, ‘You’re doing *Doctor Who* – I’ve said you’ll do it! I want you in it, so I’ve accepted the part!’

“I thought we’d survive because of the quality of what we were doing. I mean, I was wrong ...”

have expected for that episode of his career to be somewhat peripheral to him now” – but when Grade appeared on a recent edition of BBC2 comedy series *Room 101*, he persuaded Paul Merton to banish *Doctor Who* to his hypothetical Orwellian hellhole, which intrigues Colin Baker no end. “*Doctor Who* clearly still means much more to him than that, which is interesting. Methinks the lady doth protest too much ...”

In addition to Michael Grade, perhaps, Colin Baker encountered a menagerie of monsters unique to his era of *Doctor Who* – including giant slug-like creatures, giant plant-like creatures, giant-maggot like creatures, and Jimmy Savile OBE ... Is it difficult to act against such hideous latex masks? “No, because there aren’t really any nuances with Gastropods or Vervoids,” says Colin, “or Jimmy Savile. There isn’t a subtle interplay. They are very black-and-white in terms of what they’re saying. The technique of acting with monsters was only frustrating when you had to run so slowly down corridors,



Three blind Cybermen. One continuity-laden script. © BBC

And Olivier said to Gawn, ‘Hmm – *Doctor Who*, eh? I’ve always wanted to be in that!’ And Gawn told this to [producer] John Nathan-Turner, who promptly grabbed the next script to be cast – which happened to be *Revelation* – and rang up Olivier’s agent, offering him the part of the Mutant! Absolutely true!

“The idea of this lord of the theatre, aged 70-odd,” laughs Colin, “rolling down a hill covered in snow with me was bizarre – but John was looking for a role that could be filmed in one day. And then, Olivier backed off – the message came back saying that he was very pleased to be offered the part, but that he was too busy – it may well be that he just said that, and didn’t mean it, but you never know ...”

What did Colin make of those well-established adversaries the Daleks, then? “Along with the Cybermen, they’re the classic enemies, aren’t they?” Was it a thrill to appear with them? “Of course, yes. A bit like being in *Coronation Street* – the first time you go into the Rovers Return, or the first time you meet



Fred Elliot! Yeah – that's what it was like on Doctor Who ... 'Oh God, I'm in the TARDIS!' – pressing the buttons to open the doors, or to make the screen work, and seeing the bloke pull the levers behind the set. And then, there's meeting your first Dalek ... In rehearsals, you work with a bloke sitting in his Dalek skirt – but nothing can prepare you for the thrill of meeting a Dalek in studio. Actually, on *Revelation*, we filmed some scenes on location," recalls Colin, "so a disproportionate amount of time was spent trying to get a shot in which the Daleks didn't look like bloody arm-chairs being pulled across cobbles. The most powerful, unscrupulous beings in the Universe – but they're still running about on crap casters!

"[Writers] Pip and Jane Baker watched *Revelation*," he adds, "and were appalled, especially as they saw the edited four-part version, because the Doctor isn't in the first 20 minutes at all! And they said that was absolutely disgraceful." And does Colin concur? "Hmm – you can't have a programme in which the central character is peripheral," he says, cautiously, "but it's very tempting for writers to offer that as a notion, because they want to write about the wonderful new characters that they've invented, but it's up to a disciplined script editor – which Eric Saward was not, especially as he wrote *Revelation* himself – to make sure that writers involve the central character



to have writers present on set? "Yes, if everybody's happy about it. If you're a director who doesn't like having the writer around, you're in the middle of a dogfight, but Pip and Jane were very useful to have there if you wanted to change something ... We could work on it together. If what

Saward. And I have been told that that super fan – what's his name? – Ian Levine was also involved." Levine prepared a two-page outline which was developed into script form by Paula Wolsey before being heavily rewritten by Saward. "Oh really? Something strange was going on there, I think."

The Sixth Doctor's era is noted for the unusually large extent to which it drew on the series' established mythology. Did serials like *Attack* and *Revelation* go a little too far? "No, I think they stood up on their own," asserts Colin. "I watched those stories and found them perfectly enjoyable. I've never seen *Tomb of the Cybermen* or know anything about it, but *Attack of the Cybermen* still stood up to me as a perfectly good story. I don't think it's anally retentive of fans to complain about continuity errors. I think continuity is important. And once or twice, I was the person who pointed it out ... If you're going to break with continuity, be honest and

say so – incorporate it into the script, even if it takes a couple of lines, so that it satisfies those people for whom it would otherwise spoil their enjoyment."

One serial that failed miserably to fit into established continuity was one-part mini-story *A Fix with Sontarans*, shown within the long-running BBC1 light entertainment programme *Jim'll Fix It* – a series

'Eric Saward was not a disciplined script editor. He dismissed the Doctor as an also-ran ...'

heavily in the plot, rather than building up new characters at his expense. That was a mistake.

"Eric dismissed the Doctor as an also-ran, whereas Pip and Jane started off with the premise that the programme was called *Doctor Who* – so it's about the Doctor. Good old Pip and Jane! I have such respect for them." Were they his favourite writers? "Them and Philip Martin and Bob Holmes would be favourites, I guess." Was it an advantage for the cast

you were suggesting was somehow preferable to what they had written, Pip and Jane would take it on board. In the main, I think you owe the writer the courtesy of doing what they've written, unless there's a very good reason not to."

A thought crosses his mind: "Who wrote *Attack of the Cybermen*? I was told at the time that it was somebody called Paula Moore – it's only since then that I hear all sorts of stories that in fact it was Eric

in which Jimmy Savile OBE made viewers' dreams come true. "I particularly remember that the little boy, Gareth Jenkins, had learnt his lines perfectly," chuckles Colin, "but I'd had no time to learn mine. He had to repeat a lot of technical mumbo jumbo, like 'switch on the disconbooperator bivalve-thrusting module', but I did what I usually did in those circumstances – I made it up! And of course, I said one thing, and he repeated not what I'd said but what he'd learnt!" Isn't it true that the complicated aspects of Jenkins' script were, understandably, written out for him on the TARDIS console? "Oh no – that was for me! *Jim'll Fix It* was the only time that I ever resorted to writing my lines on the console. I did a Pertwee!"

A Fix with Sontarans was originally written for the Doctor and Peri, but Nicola Bryant had booked a holiday, so scripter Eric Saward rewrote Peri's dialogue for the character of Tegan. "I enjoyed working with Janet [Fielding] again," enthuses Colin, "because she had become a mate when we worked on *Arc of Infinity*. I mucked around with her – in the nicest possible sense. We had a laugh." And what of Jimmy Savile? "I didn't see much of him – but exactly what you see is what you get. He was



No arm in trying! The Doctor and Davros in *Revelation of the Daleks* – a lot like *Coronation Street*, apparently. © BBC

Dear Doctor Who (Take Two)...

Once upon a time, in a not-so-far-away land, **DWM** allowed its readers to send in questions that they'd like to ask Colin Baker. Anything at all! A selection of these were put to Colin during a break from rehearsals for *The Trial of a Time Lord*. His answers were published in **DWM** 118 – but we were wondering whether Colin could still tackle such soul-searching questions with straight-thinking conviction? "We intend to adumbrate typical instances from a specific epistopic interface of the spectrum in order to find out," we said. "You bastards," he replied.

Would you say that many of the Doctor's characteristics are your own?

DWM 118 (Oct 1986): "I think the Doctor is nearer to me than any other character I've ever played. But on top of that, obviously I don't have all those powers. Yes, it's me, plus an amalgum [sic] of twenty-four years of what we've discovered the Doctor to be."

DWM 323 (Oct 2002): "My Doctor wasn't me – but a version of me. I don't think I'm as arrogant as the Doctor, but I have arrogance in me, I know that. And I can be a little pompous – but whereas the Doctor wouldn't admit it, I know that I'm predisposed in that way, so I was able to seize hold of those characteristics and amplify them. I couldn't have played him as a shabby hobo. Or with a deep resonant voice. Or with poppy-out eyes. Or as thin and dark-haired ..."

Why do you think the Doctor has such an affection for Earth?

"I like to think it's because the Doctor has a certain kind of sentimental affection for weakness, because he has several himself. He left Gallifrey because he couldn't bear their pompous, narrow-minded belief that perfection was everything ... He wanted to go out and experience imperfection. The most flawed civilisation of the universe must be on Earth ..."

"Alien planets are very expensive for the BBC to construct! That is the real answer – it makes it easier to make a television programme that is shown on planet Earth. Sorry! Have I shattered your illusions?"

friendly. And welcoming. And barny!" Shortly after transmission, fans in America were spotted wearing T-shirts bearing the legend 'Who is Gareth Jenkins' and 'The Gareth Jenkins Appreciation Society'! Did Colin feel threatened? "Very much so. I feared for my job," he teases. "Gareth Jenkins was the Doctor! I wonder where he is now ..."

At that time, Colin was regularly attending conventions in both Britain and America. "Oh yes – that went with the territory. That was made perfectly clear to me when I took the job." Did Colin adore being adored? "Oh, it's a mixture of emotions. I didn't go along to be adored for my sake, but it was part and parcel of being the Doctor, if you see what I mean. I wouldn't say, like Tom Baker has, that I adored being adored, but tone that down from Baker to Baker – you know,

Are there any plans for you to enjoy the company of a space cat?

"No, there never have been. The space cat thing has grown as a distortion from the little cat badge that I wear. It's just simply an idea of mine, because I noticed all my predecessors had some kind of object that was associated with them."

"What!? Not particularly – but I'd like to work with a space cat that's added in afterwards, like Bar-Bar-Jinks ... No – what was he called? Jar-Jar-Binks! That was a good spoonerism. Or that animated cat in those adverts – the cat that goes out boozing and comes home bleary-eyed. He would be fab in Doctor Who. I could hack acting with that."



Have you got a Jacuzzi in the TARDIS?

"The TARDIS is infinite, so I haven't examined all of it yet. But I'm sure there is bound to be one."

"A Jacuzzi in the TARDIS would be great! The TARDIS has everything – whatever you want. The Sixth Doctor must stink – I'm always wearing the same costume, I mean, so I need lots of Jacuzzis. And lots of baths. And showers. And something that you've never heard of – another form of exotic bathing. Ooh yeah – little elves who scrub you with toothbrushes! And quite right, too."

What is your favourite food?

"I do adore food. If I have any vice it's eating. If I was told that I could

only eat one food for the rest of my life, I could put up with sausage and mash for ever!"

"Anything cooked by my wife! Mmm – I adore food. I probably said sausage and mash back then. I still rate it highly, but my wife makes a lovely salad that I'm also fond of – with avocado, prawns, ham, baked potato ... We have a neighbour who loves growing vegetables, but his wife doesn't like eating them, so we send the kids round to pick them. We have all these fresh vegetables for nothing. A good arrangement."

What are your feelings about the Twenty-Third Season?

"I'm very excited by the new season ... There are lots of layers, and it's very, very complicated, which I rather like ... I think we have to get away from viewing figures. The BBC is providing television for everyone, not necessarily at the same time ... The BBC has stood for quality for so long, it would be a shame to allow it to be watered down."

"*The Trial of a Time Lord* has never enthused me. Life reflecting art – or is it art reflecting life? – isn't necessarily a good idea. And the whole thing was far too complicated. Was the Matrix lying or telling the truth? I had that continuing problem. All I could do was work with the scripts that I'd been given – but I was confident enough in the quality of what we were doing."

How long do you plan to stay with the programme?

"I think that's probably in other people's hands ... I said that Tom Baker's record of seven years was awfully attractive. I've done it three years now, even though we've only done two seasons, and I'm enjoying it. So I see no desire on my part in the near future to stop; also, I'd like to beat the episode tally!"

"God knows what I said back then. I'd like to continue for as long as Big Finish do. Thanks to them, I must have doubled my episode tally already. I mean, how long do I plan to be an actor? Until I can't act anymore – ie physical infirmity – or until I don't have to act anymore – ie so rich that I don't have to. I think we can discount the last one, so I'll carry on until I become so doddering and brain-dead that everyone is faintly embarrassed by my presence!"

of, designer profile of a British fan, whereas an American one might well be female. And perhaps a little overweight! Hmm – interesting. If anyone can explain that to me, I'd be amazed."

Did Colin feel a responsibility towards Doctor Who viewers? "Of course I did. I mean, strictly speaking, one could say that all I had to do was turn up and do

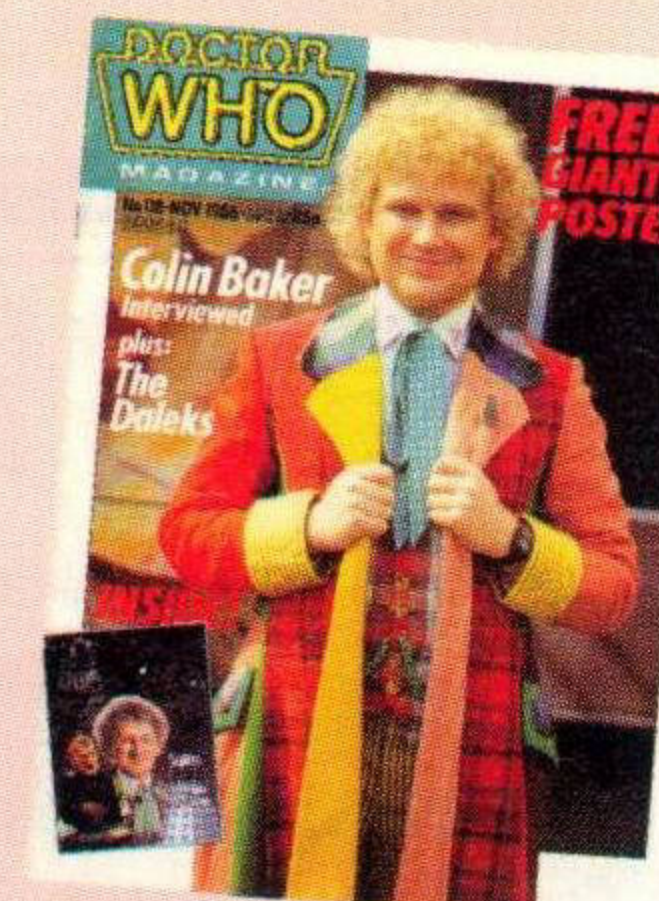


In *A Fix with Sontarans*, joined by Janet Fielding, Gareth Jenkins and a strange young/old man with a shock of white hair ...

Is there much of a difference between British and American fans? "I suppose there is a difference in profile. This is less true now than it was then – but certainly when I was the Doctor, the average profile of a British fan was male, teens to early-thirties, into computers, erm ... Yeah, that'll do – I think you're with me there." And wearing NHS specs, as Michael Grade so delicately put it on Room 101? "Oh did he? Bastard." Colin continues: "That's not to say that there weren't 50-year-old women and 12-year-old girls into Doctor Who, but that wouldn't be your, kind

my job – but that is naïve, because with that territory comes a lot of responsibility. I knew that I couldn't misbehave in public – not that I'm prone to doing so. And I took some delight, when a child was misbehaving in a supermarket, in being able to say, 'Now, I'm sure you don't want to make your mummy unhappy' – and the child would say, 'Sorry, Doctor.' I enjoyed having that ability."

Over the weekend that *A Fix with Sontarans* was transmitted (to over four million more viewers than had just watched Part Two of *The Two Doctors*),



COLIN BAKER INTERVIEW



PHOTO © MIRIAM HALL

rumours began to circulate that the BBC had cancelled the following season of *Doctor Who*. "We didn't know what was going to happen. That could have been the end of *Doctor Who*." The following day, Nathan-Turner received official confirmation from his head of department, Jonathan Powell, that Season Twenty-Three – then in pre-production for filming in April – was to be abandoned. "And I'd been contracted for the next series," Colin muses, "so the BBC still had to pay me. That was an interesting piece of BBC psychology ..."

How did Colin find out that *Doctor Who* had been cancelled? "John rang me up. 'The series has been

year, and I was being paid by the BBC to spend time with her and my wife, which was lovely."

Although it became clear within days of the controversy erupting that the hiatus was to be only a temporary one, Michael Grade and Jonathan Powell had to offer several different, and often conflicting, justifications for their decision. "The truth was that Michael Grade didn't like *Doctor Who*," states Colin, confidently. "Everyone is entitled to personal opinions – there are various programmes on television that I don't like – but I dare say that if I became BBC Controller, I wouldn't axe a show that earns the Corporation so much money. 'Oh keep it, then,' I'd say, 'as long as I don't have to watch it!'"

Did Colin ever take the cancellation as a personal insult? "No – I didn't. And that's not because I'm noble, but because it never occurred to me that I was in any

way bigger than the programme. I was just a tiny part of the bigger picture. When Michael Grade was controller at London Weekend Television, I had seen him interviewed by Clive James, and he had said that, in his opinion, the BBC was stuck in a time warp – 'it is time that it moved forward,' he said, 'and stopped producing tired old rubbish like *Come*

there and then. He hamstrung it in such a way that he thought he would get rid of *Doctor Who* forever."

Among the reasons given were that the series had become too violent, that it had lost its popular appeal, that the 45-minute episode format had proved unsuccessful, and that the production team had grown complacent. Was there not a grain of truth in this? "No – quite frankly, I don't think so. More humour? Less violence? What rubbish! That's probably exactly what the show didn't need at that time – it needed less humour and more violence in order to survive. Grown complacent!? Michael Grade had to justify his actions, so that was an easy thing to say. You could say that about anybody who is doing anything. I could say that you lot at *Doctor Who Magazine* are a bit complacent – that you need to look at your whole operation and start from scratch. It's a safe thing to say, because you don't have to do anything yourself. You can call people complacent, and then leave them to sort themselves out. Actually, I think the opposite was true ..."

Colin believes that the production team of *Doctor Who* were "probably the least complacent of all the creative elements at the BBC. John did try new things – but he was criticised for that and told that he was complacent. A mishmash of criticism." Grade and Powell's true motivation also may have been to help alleviate a financial crisis within the BBC; their actions nevertheless started a wave of media coverage and fan activity the like of which *Doctor Who* had never seen before ...

"I wasn't surprised by fan reaction," Colin con-

'The show needed less humour and more violence in order to survive at that particular time.'



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cancelled,' he said, 'but you're still going to get paid, because we've taken up the option on your contract' – but the BBC tried to wriggle out of it. 'If you don't get any other work, of course we'll pay you,' they said, 'but if you get other work, we won't' – and thank God I'm trained as a lawyer, because I said, 'Oh no, that's not the way it works. You have contracted me to do this job. If you like, I'll ring you up every morning, and I'll ask you if you're doing *Doctor Who* today. And if you say yes, I'll come in and do it, because I'm contracted – but if you say no, I can do what I like.' And they went away, checked with their lawyers, came back and said, 'Hmm – all right!' And so, basically, what I had was maternity leave, because Lucy, my eldest daughter, was born in March that

Dancing and *Doctor Who* ...' There was nothing remotely inconsistent about him subsequently ditching *Doctor Who*."

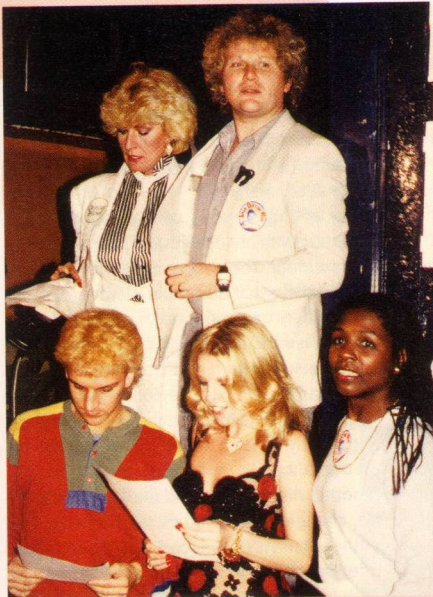
Could Colin sympathise with Grade's viewpoint? "I could completely sympathise with his viewpoint. I didn't agree with his viewpoint, but I can sympathise with anybody who has strong views about something and, if they get into a job where they have the power to do something about it, then doing it. I wouldn't have expected him to do anything else – but I query the basis on which he did it. And he was unprepared for the violence of the reaction. He had to backtrack and invent reasons why *Doctor Who* had only been sidelined and not axed. If nobody had said anything, I think he would have killed the show

siders, "nor was I expecting it – when it came, I thought, 'Yeah – that's right!' I was surprised by the press reaction – I'd have thought it would be on page five or something, but not on the front page! And I was surprised that Michael Grade, who went off on a skiing holiday, was accompanied down the slopes by photographers from the *Sun* saying, 'Oi Grade! What's your problem with *Doctor Who*, then!'"

John Nathan-Turner claimed that, about a week after the whole debacle started, he received a phone call from someone in the States, whose father was involved with mysterious international agencies, wanting to know if the producer wanted Grade wiped out! He answered, so he said, in the negative. "What a shame!" Would Colin have been tempted,

then? "Seriously? Heh, heh! No – of course not. I mean, he really did throw a spanner in my particular works, and a hiccup in my career, but I wouldn't wish him physical harm. Well, not death ..."

What was Michael Grade like as a person – if that isn't a silly question? "I have only met him twice ... May I say, however, that I do think it odd that someone can run an organisation on the basis of saying that he hates a programme so he axes it – the implication being that every single programme that goes out under a controller's period of office is one that he personally likes, which I suspect isn't the case. You may not like a programme, but if it produces more income for the BBC than it costs to make, I



Faith, Colin, er ... her off *Man About the House*, erm ...

would find it hard to answer my governors when they ask why I have cancelled this programme!"

A protest record to raise money for charity, *Doctor in Distress* ("Oh yeah – that thing!"), was rapidly released – obviously not by the BBC, who refused to play it on radio, claiming that it was, artistically, too poor. "They had a point." Colin makes a wheezing, groaning sound. "Doctor in Distress was sold to me as something for charity," he apologises, "but I was very dubious about taking part, because it struck me that it stunk of self-interest. 'Please don't make me do it,' I pleaded – but John Nathan-Turner persuaded me, because it was for charity and the whole thing might have floundered had I not turned up."

Doctor in Distress was written and produced by Ian Levine and his songwriting partner Fiachra Trench, who together had previously supplied the theme music for *K9 and Company*. 'Nuff said? "I don't think it was the greatest piece of work ever," confesses Colin, after we've stopped laughing. "I felt faintly embarrassed about it, because it looked like I was getting a whole host of 'celebrities' to campaign for a job for me, which wasn't what it was about." But the Doctor was in distress. Could Colin hear his SOS? "Of course I could – but part of the reason I did it was because I got to meet Justin Hayward and John Lodge of the Moody Blues. I'm a great fan of theirs, so that was nice." The *Doctor in Distress* record was accompanied by a video directed by Reeltime Pictures' Keith Barnfather, after pop impresario Mike Mansfield reportedly pulled out at a late stage. "Oh God – how awful. I mean, I did it," sighs Colin, "and I'm not ashamed, but –" Oh come off it! "I'm

not ashamed! Honest! A few good singers turned up and did it, like, erm ..." An awkward silence. "Oh look – stick a few names in, would you? Look on the label and say how much I admire them all!"

Another unfortunate result of the hiatus was an original *Doctor Who* radio serial, *Slipback*, penned by Eric Saward, which was broadcast on Radio 4 in six ten-minute installments. What does Colin remember of *Slipback*? "Not much. I remember thinking that audio was the perfect medium for *Doctor Who*, which it is, of course, because monsters are monstrous, villains are villainous, sets are enormous, the Sixth Doctor is young and slim, and Nicola Bryant is even more gorgeous, if that's possible! My experiences of great drama have been on radio. Back in the 1950s, you know, *Journey into Space* was one of the most exciting things I ever remember experiencing – in terms of drama ...

"What I know with the benefit of hindsight," offers Colin, "is that, had the BBC known what *Doctor Who* was, they should have been doing what John Nathan-Turner was trying to do – promote and put out the show amongst the world at large. And they bloody well should have known how big a deal *Doctor Who* was by the time that I was doing it – but there was a different ethos back then. They weren't into marketing, really, and they were faintly embarrassed, I think, by the notion of merchandise ..."

Work on the original Season Twenty-Three had been quite well-advanced before it was cancelled. Scripts for former producer Graham Williams' *The Nightmare Fair*, which would have seen the return of the Celestial Toymaker, had already been distributed to the regular cast. "I read it thinking I was going to be doing it," reflects Colin.

"Wow – I can't wait to get stuck into that! And then the cancellation happened." The second serial would have been *The Ultimate Evil*, which told of a scheme by the evil Dwarf Mordant to provoke a war. Or something. And Philip Martin's *Mission to Magnus* would have featured both Sil and the Ice Warriors. "Ooh – would it? I didn't know that. What a shame! Those sound like thumping good stories."

The season's longest story had the (longest) working title *Yellow Fever* and *How to Cure It*. Written by Robert Holmes, it was to have boasted location filming in Singapore, as well as return appearances by the Autons, the Rani, and possibly the Master. "I would love to have done that one," sighs Colin, "because I remember the Autons very clearly from Pertwee's tenure. They were scary! And all the arrangements had been made in Singapore, but when the season was cancelled, that was a dead duck, sadly."

These stories were abandoned when the production team decided to make a completely fresh

start – "I still don't understand why," he laments. "I suppose if the boss says you have to rethink everything, you can't then do the scripts that you'd said you were going to do – but I think the production team should have had the courage to ..." He pauses. "No – this is unfair of me. I'm not saying that they should have had the courage to argue against Grade or Powell, but I still think they could have argued that 'this is a very good story, which is well worth doing', which I'm not so sure they did ..."

The reduction of the new season – when it eventually arrived – to only 14 episodes prompted a completely new approach to its development. Saward suggested having a single season-spanning story in which the Doctor would be placed on trial by the Time Lords for his interference in the affairs of other worlds. Nathan-Turner quickly approved this, and the two devised a workable format for the story, which would be called *The Trial of a Time Lord* ...

I wonder whether Colin felt under pressure to make a success of the new season. "There wasn't any overt pressure," he reasons. "I mean, nobody was saying, 'For Christ's sake – you have to succeed!' The pressure was, kind of, endemic in the activity – but my belief in myself as the Doctor was still there. I felt that I was being frustrated by only a couple of people – in the shape of Michael Grade and Jonathan Powell, clearly neither of whom liked John Nathan-Turner or the programme. And I thought that, provided I could weather those two particular little storms, we'd survive, because of the sheer quality of what we were doing. I mean, I was wrong ... The hiatus was one thing, but the subsequent termination of my contract was another ..."

DUM

To be continued ...



THE TIME TEAM



THEIR ONGOING MISSION: TO WATCH ALL 696 EPISODES OF DOCTOR WHO



"Script-wise, it's certainly sophisticated stuff," muses Richard. "It's interesting that the power struggle being played out in the research centre between Lawrence, Masters and the Brigadier mirrors the one happening down in the Silurian base."

Sadly, despite the Doctor's reasoned debate with the Silurian leader, others of their number have released a deadly plague designed to wipe out the 'ape creatures'. The Old Silurian sends the Doctor off with a sample, in the hope that a cure can be found. For his trouble, the Old Silurian is murdered by the Young Silurian, who claims the leadership.

By Episode 6, the plague has been carried to London by Geoffrey Palmer. All the resources of UNIT are brought to bear to prevent the infection spreading to Dame Judi Dench.

"This is Doctor Who aiming to be epic and succeeding brilliantly!" enthuses Clay. "The scenes of the plague spreading around London are utterly terrifying – not like Doctor Who at all, really..."

"The pacing of this episode is interesting," adds Richard. "It's entirely taken up with the plague and the search for an antidote. The pace is incredibly leisurely and it's hard to believe that this material would take up much more than five or ten minutes of a later story."

"The direction is fabulous, too," say Jac. "All those slow mixes between scenes, and disturbing shots like the close up of Masters lying dead against the railings."

"And I love the fact it seems to have been filmed on one of those depressingly rainy London Sundays," grins Clay. "It makes me feel cold just watching it."

Jac isn't finished. "Another nice thing is that the Doctor and Liz behave like real people, changing their clothes to go caving, and now to work in a lab, rather than staying in 'costume'."

In the research centre, Dr Lawrence has gone loony. Scarred by the Silurian pox, and with his oily comb-over flapping like a pedal-bin lid, Lawrence attacks the Brigadier, blaming him for the mayhem of the last day or so. "It's just like old times," smiles Peter. "A base. A siege. A leader going potty..."

"Lawrence is a carbon-copy of Robson in *Fury from the Deep*," muses Richard. "He seems to think about nothing other than the efficiency of the plant, has a complete disregard for anyone else's abilities, and just won't listen to any of the advice he's getting."

Just as he proves himself eminently qualified to run the BBC, Lawrence drops dead. The Doctor finds a cure for the disease, but is nabbed by the Silurians before he can write it down. Let that be a warning to all you science students out there: show your working.

Episode 7, and as Liz successfully backtracks over the Doctor's research, the Silurians opt for World Conquest Plan B: take control of the cyclotron, and plug in a deadly device.

"There is, luckily, still a real power to the Silurians as they invade," says Clay, choosing to ignore that they walk round as if wearing novelty slippers, while carrying an invisible tea tray.

"It's a strange story though," comments Richard, "with each of these last two episode suddenly offering an all-new plot."

"I like that this plan sounds plausible, rather than just being a load of technical gobbledygook," adds Clay. "All the stuff about the Van Allen Belt seems quite ahead of it's time."

"Well, I like that Liz is still being treated as a scientist," says Jac approvingly. "She's not an assistant, or a companion. That's fantastic. Of course, it's handy that she's getting lots of scientific type stories. She might be a bit lost on Aridius or somewhere..."

The wily Doctor forces the nuclear reactor into overload, and the Silurians flip-flop back into hibernation to avoid the blast. Happily, the Doctor then manages to save Derbyshire from nuclear winter by 'fusing the control of the neutron flow'. This gets a cheer from Peter. And, no doubt, from Simon Groom.

In the end, the Doctor's desire to revive a few Silurians, in order to find a peaceful settlement, is thwarted when the Brigadier blows them up – making Lethbridge-Stewart entirely responsible for any possible sequels to this tale.

EPISODE 262 TO EPISODE 269

CLICHÉ COUNTER

Deaths on screen so far

00367

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00065

One or more regulars incarcerated

00108

British readers of a certain age will remember that, when Simon Groom presented *Blue Peter*, he was forever reporting on the latest bucolic doings at his father's farm in Dethick, Derbyshire. Sheep were dipped, sheared, and taken to market, but these reports were rarely troubled with incident. At no point, alas, did a three-eyed, humanoid reptile hole up in the family barn and scare Groom Snr to death. It would have been a tragedy for the Groom clan, of course, but it would have perked up those outside broadcasts no end.

Doctor Who and the Silurians has already painted a far more thrilling view of Derbyshire life. There's a secret research centre built into caves somewhere under those sheep strewn fields, and nearby, Silurians sit in their ancient base, siphoning power from the humans' cyclotron to aid in the revival of their kin. The head of the research centre (Dr Lawrence), and the Man from the Ministry (Masters) support the Brigadier's plan to take men into the caves to flush the Silurians out. The Doctor, eager to keep the peace, has gone ahead in an attempt to broker a settlement with the lizard men; warning them of the attack by UNIT. The youngest of the Silurians is far from grateful, and attacks the Time Lord.

Our Team rejoin the serial with Episode 5, as the Doctor is saved by the older, wiser Silurian leader. "Isn't it nice to have aliens who have factions amongst themselves?" says Jac. "This is the first time since *The Sensorites*, isn't it? *Evil of the Daleks* doesn't really count."

"It rather goes against the grain of the series," agrees Richard, "but it's a great change to have a monster with whom the Doctor can have some intelligent conversation."

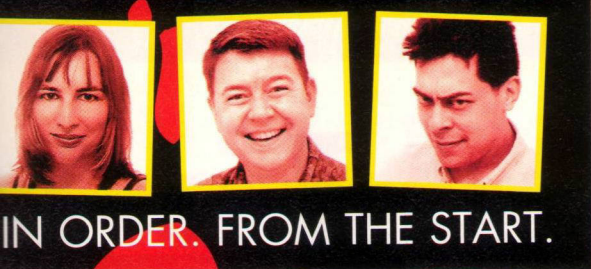
The Old Silurian goes on to explain that his race walked the Derbyshire dales millions of years before man or sheep, and that they went into hibernation to avoid a global catastrophe. In the caves, the Brig and his men have been trapped in a sealed chamber by the Silurians, and are slowly asphyxiating.

"Golly," boggles Clay. "Isn't it amazing that the Doctor really is a genuine traitor here! There's no getting around it – men die as a result of the Doctor's attack of morality. The swine!"

"But we do have one of the greatest discrepancies between tone and realisation in the series so far," says Jac. "Believable, intelligent monster characters who are obviously men with ridiculous voices in silly rubber suits. Such a shame."

Compiled by
GARY GILLATT

Illustration by
ADRIAN SALMON



IN ORDER. FROM THE START.

"That's the first time we've ever seen the Doctor show genuine regret for the death of creatures other than humans," comments Peter. "There's a thing."

"It's a really strong story," says Clay. "Intelligent and properly thrilling. Because of its lapses into squabbling rubber territory and some horrible plodding, it's not quite the classic it's cracked up to be, but it still shows a huge upward swing over Season Six."

After a break for coffee, the Team ready themselves for another seven-part tale. The Ambassadors "Do you take sugar, Peter?" of Death.

The British have landed men on Mars, which is odd when it's normally all they can do to get a train to run from London to Manchester. Shortly after leaving the red planet, contact was lost with Mars Probe 7, and another capsule, *Recovery 7*, has been sent to find out if the astronauts are still alive.

"My god, this is brilliant!" gushes Clay. "It's *Doctor Who* trying to do 'gritty', and actually managing it. The whole thing has a plausibility that's so rare. You look at the Space Control set and think, 'Yeah, that looks real' not 'Look! Flashing lights and spools of tape and men in silver suits shouting'. And Ralph Cornish is so believable in his softly-spoken, cardigan way."

Cornish is the mission controller, taking *Recovery 7* through its docking with the Mars Probe, while the Doctor watches it all on TV.

"How is the Doctor supposed to have moved the console out of the police box door?" asks Richard, spotting the ship's control panel in a rather gaudy room full of pottery figures and offering a dashing rag-rolled paint effect.

"There's no mention that he has," replies Peter. "Listen to that hum. For all we know, he's redecorated the inside of the TARDIS. Are we sure that's not what we're supposed to think?"

When contact is lost with *Recovery 7* after a mysterious sound is heard, the Doctor and Liz rush to Space Control.

"Liz's outfit is her best yet," laughs Jac. "Love those boots. If she only had a feathered cap, she'd look like a principal boy!"

"Pertwee has become established very quickly, hasn't he?" observes Clay. "It's lovely that he's the main source of humour in this episode, too. His sulky apology to Ralph is blissful!"



'LIZ IS ACTUALLY TREATED AS A SCIENTIST. SHE'S NOT AN ASSISTANT OR A COMPANION. HOW FANTASTIC!'

The Doctor's making waves by demanding time on the centre's computer. The man in charge is Bruno Taltalian, a man with a beard that looks like it'd come off with his glasses, and the most outrrrrageous Fraaansh accent. Everyone loves him. "That accent removes any doubt that this is really *Doctor Who*," smiles Clay.

It turns out that some other faction are in contact with *Recovery 7*, with the Doctor and the Brig triangulating a signal being broadcast from an abandoned warehouse in ...

"London," says Peter. "How convenient. Again."

As the troops rush in, praise gushes forth.

"That old newspaper blowing past the warehouse is a lovely touch," says Richard. "These new stories have been so much better directed than almost anything we've seen before."

"And that UNIT theme has to be the finest incidental music we've heard so far," adds Peter as the soldiers rush into battle.

"It's one of the best choreographed fight scenes ever," says Clay, as UNIT take dozens of armed men. "The Brig staring into the barrel of a gun is possibly the tensest *Doctor Who* ever gets. God knows what younger viewers would have made of all this, mind."

"It's not a bit like *Doctor Who*," agrees Jac. "It's more like that

1970s *Quatermass* revival, or something made by ITC."

Episode 2, and the Doctor is held at gunpoint by Bruno. He's after the recording of the signal, and 'ee shall say zis only wernce.

"Transmigration of object!" quotes an appalled Jac as the Doctor makes the tape disappear before Bruno's eyes. "What's going on here? I can think of at least 700 times when that would have been extremely handy. Why has he never done it before?"

"I hate, hate, hate that," hisses Clay. "It's just bloody magic, so it puts a huge dent in the naturalistic atmosphere the story's been building up. Could no-one think of anything better?"

Recovery 7 lands back on Earth, in Manchester. (That's a lie, actually. It comes down just outside London, but the Team ponder what everyone would do if it had pitched up in Bath.) UNIT find it, lose it to the militia, but it's rescued by the Doctor. Back at Space Control, the astronauts inside seem to be responding to hails.

"Wow!" says Richard. "One of the best cliffhangers thus far! Things are going right, then things are going wrong, culminating in the Doctor's closing line 'Right, cut it open!' How exciting. I'd have been busting all week to find out what was inside!"

It turns out that nothing is in the capsule, but even the recaps are thrilling on *The Ambassadors*. "How marvellous is the title sequence editing on this story?" asks Clay. "Why couldn't they have kept in the brilliant credits/recap/credits thing?" of Death. However, fatal levels of radiation in the capsule suggest that something is afoot. The Doctor meets General Carrington, a slippery fish, who confesses that the astronauts are in his safe keeping, having been contaminated with some mysterious outer space ooginess. Going to meet the astronauts, the Doctor finds they have been kidnapped again; this time by a man called Reegan.

"A lot of this is nasty," says Jac. "The dead bodies buried in gravel, for example. It's nice for us, but like Clay says, I wonder what the kids thought. They probably preferred the Autons."

"And this was on at twenty past five," adds Clay. "Why didn't the NVLA have a fit? Shall we phone them up now and laugh?"

While the Doctor is convinced that the real astronauts are still up in Mars Probe 7, Reegan's unknown employer tells him to deal with the Time Lord and his associate ...

"The final scenes of Liz running away are just gorgeous," says Jac. "They look lovely, and they're a bit tense, too. I guess I've come to really like her."

Chased into a river by Charlie Slater from *EastEnders*, Liz plunges to her doom as we reach Episode 4.

"And the treading water begins," says Clay as Liz is saved by Reegan's men. "It's all escape attempts and silly accents this week."

"Hmmm," murmurs Richard. "Just like the previous story, you get the feeling that there just isn't enough plot to fill the seven episodes."

The 'astronauts', it turns out, can kill with a touch, and Reegan is using them

to destroy all who stand in his way. "The last few minutes are the high point," says Clay. "The scene where the astronaut walks towards the sentry, the sunlight behind him, is just beautiful."

Episode 5 is our last for the day, and mostly focuses on the Doctor's plans for a trip up to investigate Mars Probe 7.

"Hooray! *Doctor Who* leaves Earth again!" laughs Peter.

The adventures of our urbane spaceman intrigue Clay too. "The middle bit of the episode – which goes into laborious detail about the dangers of blast-off – is the best kind of padding: the sort that makes the Doctor's mission seems really dangerous and exciting."

As the Time Lord reaches Mars Probe 7, a giant alien ship hoves into view. "What a wonderfully imaginative design!" coos Peter.

As the episode wraps, our Team are exhausted. "You can have too much 'grittiness'," says Jac. The others nod weary agreement.

"It's great stuff though," insists Peter. "And perhaps there'll be some monsters in that spaceship? I miss the monsters ..."

Tune in next month to find out, when the Team face another thrilling episode of *The Ambassadors*

Wait for it ...
of Death.

DEUM

AND YOU SAID ...



DOCTOR WHO AND THE SILURIANS

"Though the plotting is really rather pedestrian, *The Silurians* has a satisfying denouement. It succeeds because, in spite of all its nuclear reactor jargon and chemical formulae, it holds on to an emotional integrity and the genocide that the Brigadier commits at the end of the story is properly confronted."

ROB SHEARMAN, LONDON

"The drug tests are a mix of informed and stupid – combination treatments didn't really enter the language until HIV, but what are they doing trying drugs 'so new we don't even know their properties yet'? So they could be, what, dancefloor fun? Or antifreeze?"

ALEX WILCOCK, LONDON

THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH

"After blowing up the Silurians, the Doctor and the Brigadier are suddenly best chums again.

Why? You can see why Lethbridge-Stewart thinks the Doctor is useful, but why doesn't the Doctor just join up with someone else?"

ALEX WILCOCK, LONDON

"A strange acting award goes to Joanna Ross as the technician whose concern for the Doctor's safety would take second place to whether it was raining or not.

Never has an actor looked so bored!"

ROB SHEARMAN, LONDON

"Cyril Shaps' death-by-isotope is nicely shocking. But I'd swear that isn't Benton, whatever DWM 303 says!"

PETER JAY, ABERDEEN

"Helicopters! Motorbikes! Covovs! Er, hairdryer guns. How much money did *Doctor Who* have in 1970? Or did Michael Ferguson just rob a bank?"

ANDREW YOUNG, BATH

The Trial of a Time Lord Parts Nine to Twelve

STALK THIS WAY AS **ANDREW PIXLEY** UNPICKS A WEB OF MAYHEM AND INTRIGUE – AND THAT’S JUST BEHIND THE SCENES! IT’S MURDER, GUV ...

PART NINE

In the Time Lords’ courtroom, the Doctor composes himself after learning of Peri’s death, and presents the evidence in his defence: an incident in his own future which will threaten Earth in the year 2986.

Space liner *Hyperion III* prepares to leave Mogar for Earth and the passengers check in. Amongst them are the thremmatologist Professor Sarah Lasky with her agronomist assistants Bruchner and Doland, two masked Mogarians, the elderly Mr Kimber and Mr Grenville – whom Kimber recognises as “Mr Hallet”. Grenville heads for the cargo hold where a darkened hydroponic section houses large vegetable pods; shortly afterwards, a third Mogarian joins the ship.

Mel, the Doctor’s new companion, is forcing him to exercise in the TARDIS, when they pick up a mayday signal from the *Hyperion III*. The TARDIS arrives in the hold and the pair are arrested. Edwardes, the communications officer, has been attacked so that somebody could transmit the mayday. On the bridge, the Doctor discovers that the ship’s Commodore is his old friend “Tonker” Travers, who tells him not to get involved.

A Mogarian breaks into the hydroponic section and steals some Demeter seeds. The Doctor’s curiosity is aroused and Security Officer Rudge agrees to let him investigate. Mel is trying out the facilities in the gym when she hears a message over her exercise headphones. Grenville has vanished; his cabin is wrecked and it seems that he has been fed into the ship’s pulveriser. Mel tells the Doctor that she wants to investigate the hydroponic section; the Doctor, uncaringly, tells her to do so. In the courtroom the Doctor protests that this was not what he saw when reviewing the scenes earlier; he would

not have ignored Mel in this manner.

Mel ventures into the hold; meeting Edwardes, they go to the caged hydroponic section. As he touches the mesh gate Edwardes is electrocuted, sending showers of sparks across the enclosure. As Mel’s screams echo through the hold, one of the large vegetable pods breaks open ...

PART TEN

Something emerges from the pods. The Doctor vouches that Mel could not have killed Edwardes, whose corpse is reported missing, along with a guard. The Doctor and Mel are curious about the contents of Lasky’s Isolation Room which has an armed guard. In the cargo hold, the agronomists are horrified to see that the pods have hatched. When the Doctor asks Lasky to identify the Demeter scenes found in Grenville’s wrecked cabin, she admits they were stolen from the hold.

Hyperion III makes a course change to shorten the journey, and the Commodore speaks to two Mogarians, Atza and Ortezo, who are distrustful of the humans who have plundered the minerals of their world. Suddenly, a third Mogarian, Enzu, is poisoned; removing the dead alien’s face-plate reveals Grenville, whom the Doctor knew as an investigator called Hallet. The Doctor ponders what case Hallet was working on; he must have sent the mayday.

Bruchner starts to panic about the situation, although Lasky reminds him that they all agreed to keep their discovery secret until they reached Earth. The plant creature from the pods move around the ship via the air ducts, attacking Kimber in his cabin.

As a distraction, the Doctor triggers a fire alarm so that he and Mel can enter the Isolation Room. Inside a coffin-like berth



they find a woman whose features have started to merge with those of a plant ...

PART ELEVEN

Lasky and Doland appear, forcing the Doctor and Mel into the corridor again. The woman is Ruth Baxter, Doland’s assistant, who has been infected by an alien pollen on Mogar and is being taken to Earth for treatment. The fire alarm reveals that Kimber is missing; Mel finds a leaf on the floor of his bathroom. The creatures start attacking other crewmen around the ship.

Bruchner is becoming unstable, accusing Doland and Lasky of being responsible for the deaths. Alone in the gym, Mel tries to record voices she hears in the ducting which are planning to kill the humans. She is then overpowered, sedated and bundled into a waste bin heading for the incinerator. The Doctor saves her in the nick of time, but Mel’s recording has vanished. Mel suspects Janet. While the Doctor makes for the hydroponic section, she goes to search the stewardess’ cabin; there she has to hide from one of the plant creatures.

Any attempt to call for help is lost when the Communications Room is smashed – apparently by the Doctor; again, the Time

Lord claims the Matrix is at fault and he did not commit sabotage.

Bruchner confronts Lasky, saying he has ended their obscene experiment which would have brought her a place in history. In the ducts, the Vervoids know that they are unique and must battle to survive. The unbalanced and armed Bruchner seals himself on the bridge and takes control. The Doctor and the crew attempt to gain entrance, and the Doctor tells Lasky “Your colleague is aiming *Hyperion III* straight into the eye of the Black Hole of Tartarus ...”

PART TWELVE

While the crew attempt to force the door, the Vervoids overcome Bruchner with marsh gas. Rudge realises that the Mogarians, in their protective masks, can brave the gas. The two aliens soon have the ship under control and guided away from the black hole, but now Rudge reveals that he and the Mogarians are hijacking the vessel. As they head for their rendezvous, Rudge takes the crew, at gunpoint, to the lounge.

Seeing the captives, Mel warns Janet and Doland that they are being hijacked and they escape from the lounge as Rudge herds the Doctor and the others in. Rudge

‘People begin to die...’

The Doctor and Mel discuss the apparent death of a mineralogist called Grenville with Commodore Travers beside the ship’s pulverizer.

COMMODORE Any suggestions why a mineralogist who wanted to see you should be killed?

DOCTOR None at all.

COMMODORE Or why it is that every time you appear on the scene, people begin to die?

MELANIE Hey! I don’t care who you are, you’ve no right to say that to the Doctor!

DOCTOR (Sadly) Yes he does Mel.

From *The Trial of a Time Lord* Part Nine by Pip and Jane Baker

explains that he was being forcibly retired, and that the Mogarians want to steal the mineral consignment from Mogar. The Doctor does not think these are the killers. Somebody enters the bridge and kills the Mogarians, whose bodies are found by Mel. Mel’s party arrive at the lounge and prove the Mogarians are dead; with no allies, Rudge makes a dash for freedom but is killed by the Vervoids.

The Doctor and Mel search for the missing recording, and the Doctor confronts Doland who implicates Lasky. However, it is Doland who attempted to kill Mel; he wanted the economic power of getting the Vervoids to Earth where they can replace robots as a workforce. The Doctor reveals he has lured Doland into a trap, and the crew arrest him; Vervoids then kill Doland and his guards. In the hold, Lasky confronts her

creations and attempts to reason with them, but she, too, is killed.

In the ducts, Mel is horrified at the ‘compost heap’ of corpses formed by the Vervoids. The Doctor hatches a plan using the rare metal vionesium which is being shipped from Mogar; exposed to air it ignites with bright light. The Vervoids are driven back to the ducts when the lights on the ship are turned off. The Doctor’s group hurl vionesium at the Vervoids; the flares simulate the bright light of summer, accelerating the plants’ life cycle until the creatures wither and die. The Commodore and Janet bid the Doctor and Mel farewell.

In the courtroom, the Doctor regrettably concedes that all the Vervoids had to be killed to save Earth. Triumphant, the Valeyard declares that the charge against the Doctor must now be one of genocide ...

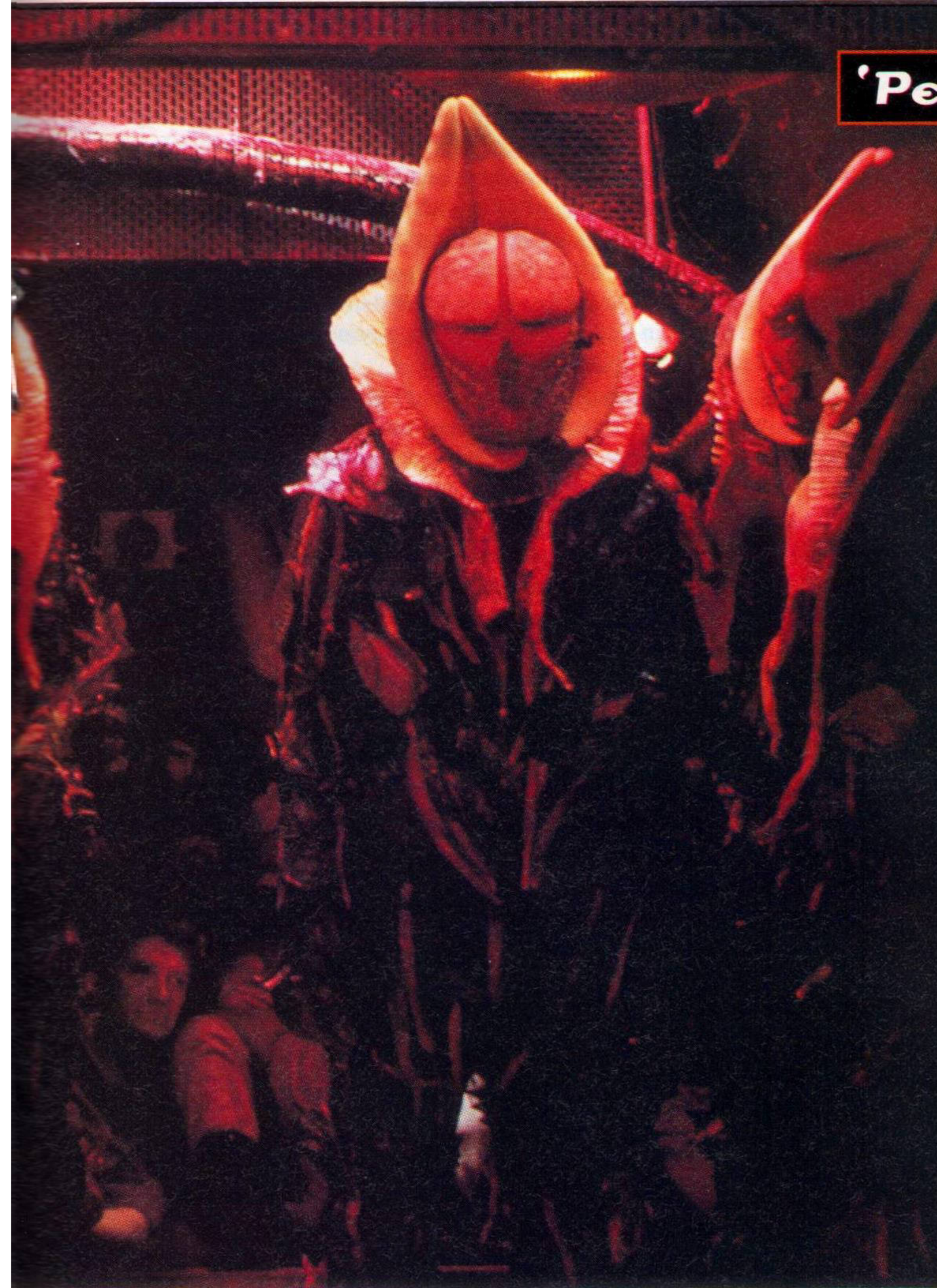
In Production

After the trauma of having a season pulled from production at a few weeks’ notice, the Doctor Who production team set about assembling a new series during June 1985. The chosen notion was a series of linked stories which would show the Doctor standing trial, with evidence presented from his past, present and future. And it was the future segment of the story that would prove the most problematic over the subsequent 12 months for producer John Nathan-Turner and script editor Eric Saward.

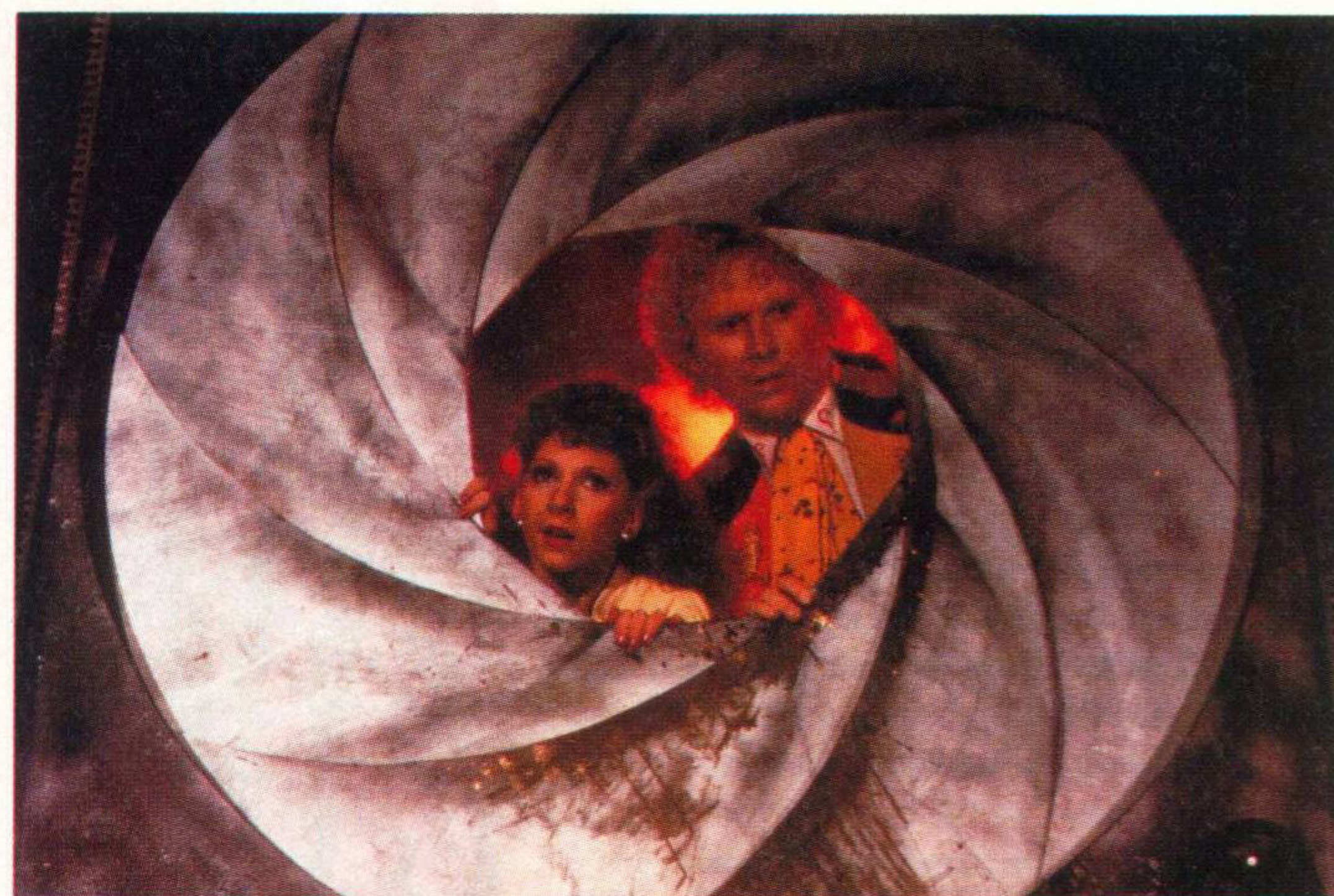
Friday 5 July saw the character outlines for three new regulars being drafted; these were the Valeyard and the Inquisitor (who featured in the courtroom vignettes) and Melanie, the Doctor’s future companion, who would replace Peri and feature in the last six episodes of the fourteen episode run.

On Tuesday 9 July, the writers for the new season were assembled at Threshold House for a meeting. The first four episodes (originally called *Wasteland*) showing the Doctor’s past would be by veteran writer Robert Holmes, after which four episodes set in the present (referred to as *The Planet of Sil*) would come from Philip Martin. Next would come a two-part future segment by a new writer to the series, David Halliwell. Halliwell had been writing for television since the early 1960s on series such as *Play for Today* and *The Mind Benders*; he was also an experienced radio dramatist and had won the 1967 Evening Standard Drama Award for *Little Malcolm* and his *Struggle Against the Eunuchs*. He had also worked with Martin at a fringe theatre company in London.

The next two episodes, also showing future events, would be a continuation by Jack Trevor Story. Then approaching 70, Story was a versatile but outspoken writer who had made his mark in the early 1950s with work such as *The Trouble with Harry* and *Mix Me A Person* and had also worked on *Play for Today*; he had also written for the Sexton Blake library while his television work included *Public Eye*, *Budgie* and a series based on his own newspaper column, *Jack on the Box*. The final two episodes would



Partners in Crime: two Vervoids arrange another grisly ‘disappearance’ aboard *Hyperion III*. © BBC



Mel and the Doctor discover that Murder is Easy – with a pulveriser to hand ... © BBC

CHARACTER **Melanie**

The original character outline issued by John Nathan-Turner for Melanie made it clear that the new companion was created by the BBC – in part to avoid complex problems which had arisen regarding characters such as Leela and Turlough. Melanie was described as “scintillating, fascinating and irritating”. She was to have red hair, fierce blue eyes and freckles, and was a 21-year-old computer programme from the Sussex hamlet of Pease Pottage. Her background story – which would not appear on screen since viewers would meet her after she had joined the Doctor – was that “in 1986,

when the Master attempted a massive computer fraud, involving all the banking



houses in the world, Melanie joined forces with the Doctor, helping to defeat the Master's dastardly plan, and has now been with him for three months (in earth time).” The document then

went on to indicate that Melanie was “annoying” because one moment she would be a women's libber and the next would act like a “crocodile-teared female”. She would be heavily into aerobics and health food, and force the overweight Doctor to do Jane Fonda style workouts against his wishes; comic relief could be derived from her trying to give the Doctor healthy food such as muesli. Melanie – who prefers to be known as Mel – would be a stabilising influence on the Doctor, but her singing in the TARDIS would annoy him. “Melanie is the first earth UK companion for twelve years. We shall soon see why.”

once again be penned by Holmes. The writers had the requirements explained to them – there should be reduction in violence and an increase in humour. The Doctor should not rely on superhuman qualities or gadgets, and the new character of Melanie should be given strong sub-plots of her own.

Story was commissioned for his two instalments under the working title of *The Second Coming* on Friday 26 July, with a target delivery of Monday 5 August. Because they needed to work together, Story would travel from his Milton Keynes home to visit Halliwell in Oxfordshire so that they could link their two narratives. Halliwell delivered his first draft outline by the end of July, demonstrating evidence from the Valeyard that the Doctor's continued meddling would result in bloodshed between the mentally adept Penelopeans and the mining Freds. Saward found this acceptable and Halliwell proceeded on what the script editor had now entitled *Attack from the Mind*; work on this continued in mid-August and the second draft was submitted on Thursday 22. There were more alterations requested from Saward, and Halliwell delivered his third version of *Attack from the Mind* on Wednesday 11 September.

On Tuesday 17 September, Halliwell visited Saward to discuss *Attack from the Mind*. The script editor asked Halliwell to drop the name “Fred” for his mining creatures and instead substitute the term “Trike” for both the rodent-people and their name for the planet; the Trikes should also be made tougher creatures. Saward suggested creating two groups of Trikes, and did not like the East End accents given by Halliwell to the Freds in his previous drafts (eg “Now yer for the chop!” – “O's gonna do it?”); he also wanted the illusionary female Freds dropped. The use of explosives was to be avoided, and the opening TARDIS scene needed the Doctor's hobby of tinkering with clocks removed, as well as Mel's keep-fit business toning down. In his script, Halliwell had the Doctor both wielding a gun and using the TARDIS to change history, both of which had to be removed. The inclusion of melodic lasers was too close to something in *The Planet of Sil* and this had to be dropped. Saward referred to the ending which had been originally discussed, in which the Freds became dominant and the Penelopeans were reduced

to ordinary beings, as a starting point for Story's narrative.

With these changes discussed, Halliwell rewrote *Attack from the Mind* Part One over a 24 hour period on Thursday 26 September. Further refinements were made and Halliwell delivered a fifth draft of Part One on Monday 7 October. In this version, the scenes with the Trikes were heavily reworked; the Doctor and Mel were now to be threatened with a pain machine rather than executed, and the miniaturisation part of the story was abandoned. The climax of the episode was now Mel being roasted alive by the Trikes for being a Penelopean agent.

In the meantime, things were not going well with Story's segment. The writer was approaching the end of his career and was tending to deliver increasingly bizarre material. Saward recalled Story talking about a man playing a saxophone inside a gasometer – which did not seem to mesh into a *Doctor Who*-style story.

On Friday 18 October, *Attack from the Mind* was abandoned, and the production team informed Halliwell that although his scripts were good, they lacked the humour and energy which they needed. With Story's scripts also proving unusable (although Story was delighted with the fee since it allowed him to fund some private projects), Saward and Nathan-Turner abandoned the notion of two linked two-parters in favour of a single four-part serial.

As a replacement, Saward turned to Christopher H Bidmead who had written scripts such as *Castrovalva* and *Frontios* for the series since leaving the script editor's post in 1980. On Tuesday 29 October, Bidmead was commissioned for a piece under the working title *The Last Adventure*. His idea, which he retitled *Pincothea*, was about a problem on a planet which had been designated as a special museum of universal places and times. Aware that two other scripts had collapsed and of Saward's specific requirements, Bidmead insisted that he should regularly consult with Saward over the story. The writer started work on his episodes, delivering one at a time over the coming two months, and getting regular feedback from Saward.

During December, casting for the role of Mel went ahead. Nathan-Turner aimed high for an established star to play the Doctor's new companion, thus garnering increased publicity for the return of the series the following Autumn. The character



Witness for the Prosecution: The Valeyard (Michael Jayston) contemplates genocide ... © BBC

outline perfectly fitted Bonnie Langford, an actress, singer and dancer whom Nathan-Turner had met at Joe Allen's showbiz restaurant in late 1984, and who had indicated that she would like to do *Doctor Who*. Nathan-Turner was impressed with Langford's energy in the title role of *Peter Pan – The Musical* at the Aldwych Theatre in London. He was doubtful that a star of Langford's calibre would want to co-star in an established series, but approached her agent, Barry Burnett, who was also the agent of the series' star, Colin Baker. Langford had a short meeting with Nathan-Turner before Christmas and was given the outline of Mel; the actress felt that the character was very unlike her, but said that she could play it – not realising that she was being offered the role. At this point in her career, Langford was keen to diversify into drama and saw the part of Mel as an excellent opportunity.

Saward was astounded at Nathan-Turner's casting decision; he had never been truly settled with Colin Baker playing the Doctor, but the casting of a high-profile singer/dancer as the companion went against his expectations. News of the casting leaked out. Ian Levine, who had advised the production office on continuity aspects for six years, phoned Nathan-Turner at his home in Brighton to ask if there was any truth to the rumour. The producer denied Langford's casting. This was effectively the final straw in a growing rift between Levine and Nathan-Turner, with Levine increasingly unhappy with the producer's vision of the show.

As 1986 arrived, it had been decided that the final six episodes of the season would form a single production under one director and his team, with all location work allocated to the final two installments. Wednesday 8 January saw Chris Clough

CASTING **Bonnie Langford**

Born Bonita Langford at Hampton Court in July 1964, Bonnie Langford quickly became established as a child performer when she won an edition of *Opportunity Knocks* which she appeared at the age of five. She then went on to co-present Yorkshire TV's *Junior Showtime*, worked extensively on stage in America and England with productions such as *Gypsy*,

featured in the film *Bugsy Malone*, and made her mark



on television as Violet Elizabeth Bott in LWT's adaptations of *Just William*

from 1977 to 1978. After this, her career in song and dance bloomed with stage work including *Cats* and *The Pirates of Penzance* as well as numerous

appearances on TV with Wayne Sleep on BBC1's *The Hot Shoe Show*.

booked as the director for Serial 7C, as these six episodes were known. Born in Harrogate in 1951, Clough was an English graduate from Leeds University. He had been fascinated by television and got a job at Granada in 1974 as a current affairs researcher, graduating to directing, and handling editions of BBC1's *Go With Noakes*. He became a freelance director in 1982 and was behind the first episodes of Channel 4's soap *Brookside*, later becoming involved in the formative days of *EastEnders*. Nathan-Turner's partner, Gary Downie, was an assistant director on the BBC soap and recommended Clough to him.

With all the notes from Saward, Bidmead had revised his first draft scripts of *Pincothea* and delivered a second draft of all four installments on Thursday 9 January, sure that the submission would be suitable.

Langford's casting in *Doctor Who* was revealed to the press at a publicity event at the Aldwych Theatre on Thursday 23 January. Langford, in her Peter Pan outfit, was hoisted aloft on Kirby wires alongside Baker as Nathan-Turner took great pleasure in revealing how the actress would be joining the series as Mel. Baker and Langford already knew each other, having worked together in the pantomime *Goldilocks* at Lincoln in 1981. The story broke on BBC1 with *Newsround* and in the *London Evening Standard*, while numerous popular daily papers such as the *Sun*, *Daily Express*, *Daily Mirror* and *Daily Mail* printed photographs from the theatre shoot the next morning. An emphasis was put on the fact that Baker had put on weight during the hiatus – and Mel would help his Doctor to slim!

By now, Nathan-Turner was becoming concerned about Saward's silence over *Pincothea*; the script editor had taken to working from home rather than the office. On Sunday 2 February, Saward wrote to Nathan-Turner and indicated that he did not feel Bidmead's script was usable; he found it boring and out of character with the other episodes. Saward added that he had completed the camera test piece for Langford to perform with Baker, prior to the actress departing on a tour of *Peter Pan*. The piece was dialogue between the Doctor and Mel about going round in circles, and was later reused by Saward in his rehearsal script for Part Fourteen.

With the scripts for *The Mysterious Planet* (formerly *Wasteland*) delivered in January, Holmes was commissioned for the two-episode climax under the working

STORY Attack from the Mind

In the third draft of Part One, the Valeyard presented new evidence from the Doctor's future to demonstrate the consequences of the Doctor's continued meddling. The TARDIS fades away from around the Doctor and Mel to leave them standing in a peaceful meadow – a projection from a nearby planet. Mel urges the Doctor to land there and the ship appears in an underground vault on the planet Fred – the Free Equal Democracy of mining rodent-like inhabitants who think the Doctor and Mel are illusions; when they arrive at the Fred's underground base they are captured. The pair escape execution by becoming miniaturised and the Doctor flees into a chamber of lemur-like creatures to meet the King and Queen who claim the world is called Penelope

(Penultimate Elegance Order and Poise). The Penelopeans explain that they developed technology allowing them to exist in perfection with their imaginations, and can return to physical existence at re-entry points in the vault walls. The Freds are attempting to destroy the points to stop the Penelopeans' return, and the Penelopeans are creating hallucinations to attack the murderous Freds. In the climax, one of the Freds – Gred – takes the captured miniature Mel in his hands and start to pull her apart ...

In Part Two, Mel returns to normal size and finds herself alongside the Doctor with the Penelopeans who explain that they summoned the Doctor to combat the Freds for them. The Doctor agrees and captures a Fred called Krod, taking him back 200 years

in time so that the Penelopeans can develop protection against the Freds. The Doctor is captured by the Freds and made to join in their mining while Krod forces Mel to show him how to attack the vault. It transpires that the Penelopeans are aggressive and have tricked the Doctor; they are in fact invading Fred to relieve their boredom. The Freds are actually peaceful and the Doctor and Mel are captured by the King and Queen to be turned into wax and then melted. The King and Queen start to fight each other, allowing the prisoners to escape. The Doctor's attempts at a truce fail, and the slaughter between Freds and Penelopeans starts as he bundles Mel into the TARDIS and departs. The Valeyard asserts that this carnage is the result of the Doctor's meddling.

'The rehearsals for this story were particularly high spirited. A real joy'

John Nathan Turner • DWM 245

title of *Time Inc.* on Tuesday 4 February. Saward wrote to Bidmead on Friday 7 February to inform him that *Pincothea* was not going to be used. On Monday 10, Bidmead replied to Saward; he was shocked to discover that the storyline he had regularly discussed with the production office was now deemed unsuitable, and that Saward had waited a month to inform him of this decision.

Needing yet another four-part story to fill the gap, Saward turned to Peter J Hammond, a writer recommended to him by Levine largely because he had created the ATV science-fiction series *Sapphire & Steel*; Hammond's career also included *Ace of Wands*, *Dixon of Dock Green*, *Z Cars* (on which he was script editor for a time) and the sitcom *Lame Ducks*. Hammond was commissioned on Monday 10 February for a story under the working title *End of Term*, which the writer then developed as *Paradise Five*.

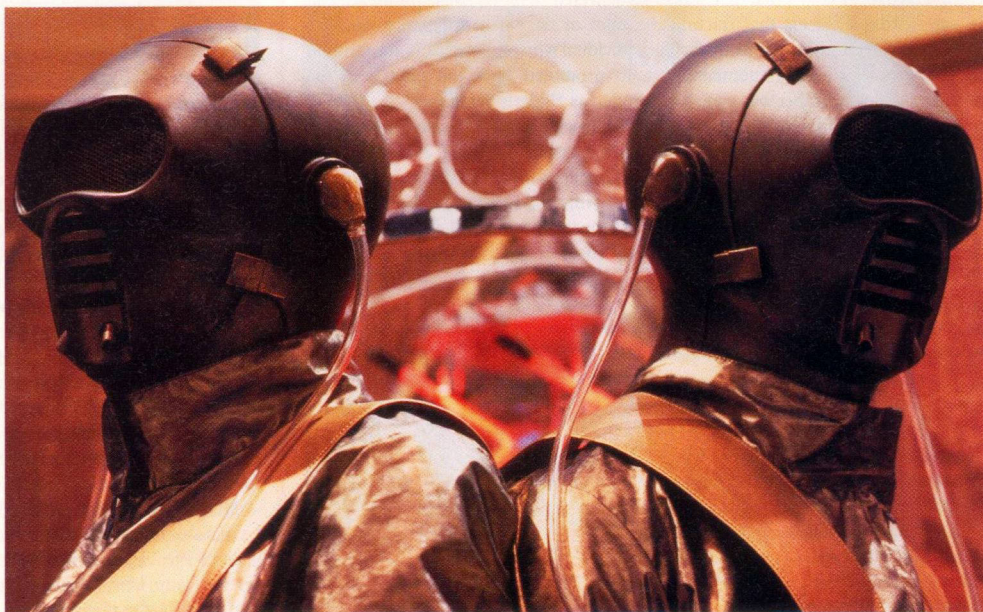
Although Saward very much liked *Paradise Five*, Nathan-Turner did not. Seeking an experienced writer who could deliver replacements at short notice, Holmes was briefly considered to script the future segment as well. However, Holmes was now ill with a liver complaint and held up with rewrites on *The Mysterious Planet* demanded by head of Drama Jonathan Powell.

On Friday 1 March, Nathan-Turner had a fortuitous meeting in a lift at Television Centre when he bumped into husband and wife writers Pip and Jane Baker. The Bakers had written *The Mark of the Rani* for the series in 1984, and had just returned from a two-month sojourn in Spain, during which time the production team had tried to contact them. Nathan-Turner explained that he needed a four-part script in a hurry, and the couple went with him to his office where they were joined by Saward. The Bakers were asked by Saward to do a whodunit thriller in space akin to an Agatha Christie detective story; this would act as the Doctor's defence evidence and would be made entirely in studio. Their narrative would have to end with the

Doctor in peril from the Valeyard. To avoid repetition of the previous scripting problems, it was again agreed that the couple would deliver one script per week and wait on further instructions before proceeding to the next installment.

The Bakers worked over the following weekend, and on Monday 3 March submitted a detailed breakdown of a first episode and a storyline for the subsequent instalments. The notion for the story came from the couple hearing about scientific research which showed that animal and plant life shared a common hormone, inspiring the notion of a form of sentient vegetable life; the name Vervoid stemmed from the term "vervain" which refers to a strain of weedy plants. The setting was inspired by *Murder On The Orient Express*, a 1934 thriller by Agatha Christie in which a murder is committed on an isolated train, with the passengers being suspects. The writers found the trial format annoying, and would rather have plotted through the four-part serial without the cutaway courtroom scenes.

With the outline agreed, the Bakers were commissioned for four episodes under the working title *The Ultimate Foe* on Thursday 6 March to be delivered as soon as possible. The Bakers had draft versions of the second script delivered quickly; there was then a meeting with Saward to discuss revisions to the first script. A revised first



The endangered Mogarian passengers: first three, then two *And Then There Were None* ... © BBC



Flower shower: the final Curtain for Mister Kimber as a Vervoid attacks ... © BBC

episode was delivered on Monday 31 March, with the couple asking Saward to give his feedback on the second episode.

Unfortunately, Saward did not like the scripts; simultaneously, he was attempting to complete the final two episodes of the season now that Holmes was too ill to write. The Bakers went in to visit Saward for feedback and found that he was unhappy and only able to give half-explanations as he struggled to tie up the season. At the end of the first week of April, the Bakers were near completing the second episode of what they referred to as *The Vervoids* (though the scripts were entitled Serial 7C). Parts Nine and Ten were formally delivered on Sunday 6 April.

The lounge of the *Hyperion III* was described thus: "muted lights and colours frame plush recliners, VDUs, drinks and food dispensers"; when Professor Lasky complained to Janet, her dialogue was to be delivered "with no pause for breath and in ear-splitting decibels that fracture the calm of the thirtieth century lounge". Security Officer Rudge was "an avuncular individual who punctures his authority by indecisiveness at crucial moments: a man promoted once too often"; in the rehearsal scripts, Kimber was simply referred to as "Elderly Passenger".

The scene which introduced Mel saw the Doctor forced to use an "exercise machine (rowing machine, whatever)"; as she instructs him, Mel is described as "shining with health and vitality". The stage directions indicated that she was eager and moved quickly, becoming "a whirlwind of arms and legs" when dashing about in the Gym. When the hut was searched, the script noted that each jar was "labelled with the name of a Greek God"; the Demeter seeds, referred to by Lasky as the "Food

of the gods" in Part Ten, were named after the mother of Persephone. The climax of the episode was to have been clearly established with a shot on the trial screen: "We see an HT cable has been ripped from the wall of the hydroponic centre and crudely attached to the mesh of the inner fence". In the closing scene, the Bakers hinted at something between Mel and Edwardes, noting that Edwardes knows "the attraction he felt for Melanie on the bridge is still there ... With her blazing blue eyes and mass of red hair, she's very attractive and Edwardes' obduracy is melting".

In Part Ten, the Doctor's comparison to a clown led to him offering Lasky his rendering of *On With The Motley*, a reference to the aria *Vesti la giubba* from Ruggiero Leoncavallo's 1892 opera *I Pagliacci*. The script described Bruchner as "volatile" and in the lounge Lasky read a "a scientific tome" (changed to "an Agatha Christie" in camera script) while the Mogarians play an "electronic board game". Originally, the Doctor smashes the fire alarm with Mel's shoe rather than an axe, and inside the Isolation Room finds a bed shrouded by a black oxygen tent. Under the tent he finds "A once human face ... grotesquely latticed with straggly creeper vines and waxy, olive leaves ... The hooded eyes snap open."

A draft script for Part Eleven was quickly delivered. In this, the Doctor makes a reference to "Satiableness" like the Elephant's Child in one of Rudyard Kipling's 1902 *Just So Stories* for children. As the Doctor enters the lounge, he asks "Is there anybody there? said the Traveller" quoting the opening line of Walter De La Mare's 1912 poem *The Listeners*. Towards the end of the episode, one scene has Bruchner attacked by a Vervoid arm emerging from a grill; "in reflex, he slams the grill shut, severing the arm ... Bruchner's expression becomes terror-stricken [as] propelled by its fingers, the severed arm is scrabbling towards him."

On Sunday 13 April, the Bakers wrote to Saward saying that they had made various modifications to Part Three, notably adding a small antechamber set as a lobby. They awaited feedback prior to advancing to Part Four, but heard nothing. At the time, Nathan-Turner was clamping down on unlicensed Doctor Who products and was taking part in a surprise raid on a shop in London. Unfortunately, the producer was delayed in a traffic jam en route to the store – and arrived to find a message from his secretary waiting for him (and no unlicensed stock in sight!). Saward had handed in his resignation, saying that he was unhappy with the way that Nathan-Turner was running Doctor Who. The producer returned to the office and discussed the situation with Powell, who said that with no other script editors available, Saward should be asked back. Saward attended a meeting with Powell, and explained how he no longer felt able to work with the producer, citing his unease with the casting of the show's principles in particular. However he agreed to continue drafting versions of Holmes' final two episodes for the season.



Rudge and "Tonker" Travers subject the Doctor and Mel to an Ordeal by Innocence. © BBC

On Monday 14 April, Clough joined production on Serial 7C. His designer was Dinah Walker, who had been a design assistant on *Planet of Fire*. In charge of visual effects was Kevin Molloy who had handled *Timelash*. Although Nathan-Turner requested Judy Pepperdine as costume designer (liking her work on *Warriors of the Deep*), this role was filled by Andrew Rose, who had worked on *Planet of Evil* and *The Caves of Androzani*. Make-up was handled by newcomer Shaunna Harrison.

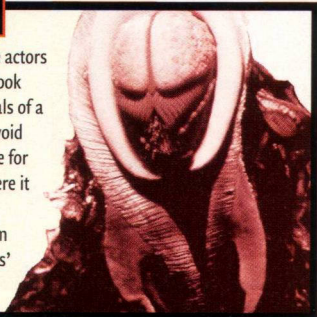
With Nathan-Turner taking over script editing chores, the Bakers continued with the Vervoid scripts, delivering finished versions of the final two episodes on Friday 9 May. There were a few small differences from the finished programme in the script for Part Twelve; when seeing the human compost heap in the bulkhead, Melanie exclaimed "They're ghouls! Nothing but ghouls!" while the final scene had the Valeyard and Inquisitor refer to Article One of Gallifreyan Law rather than Article Seven. As the Doctor and Mel left the *Hyperion III*, the Commodore's line about the "sweet sorrow" of their parting was a reference to Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*.

Nathan-Turner thanked the Bakers for the scripts on Monday 19, by which time he was able to confirm that Honor Blackman – who had found fame in 1962 as Cathy Gale in *The Avengers* – would be playing Professor Lasky, while Michael Craig – a veteran actor best known for the BBC soap *Triangle* – was cast as Commodore Travers. The production office had very much enjoyed the scripts, and had been running a book on who the villain would turn out to be. A Drama Early Warning

COSTUME Vervoids

Six Vervoid costumes were made from basic overalls dressed with rubber and webbing leaves and foliage to resemble insect pods. The collars were made of latex rubber while the masks were crafted from lightweight foam latex. The

gloves worn by the actors were designed to look like the closed petals of a flower. A prop Vervoid arm was also made for close-up shots where it appeared to inject thorns (with a foam tip) in the creatures' victims.



Synopsis for the episodes was issued on Tuesday 20 May using the new title *The Trial of a Time Lord* which had been assigned in mid-April; the installments would thus form Parts Nine to Twelve of the serial.

On Saturday 24 May Robert Holmes died of his liver complaint, and although Seward attempted to finish off Part Fourteen as a freelance submission, Nathan-Turner now wanted a different ending to the rather downbeat, open-ended climax originally planned. As such, Nathan-Turner asked the Bakers to develop a new final episode on Wednesday 4 June, briefing them on Holmes' Part Thirteen so that they could continue the narrative. The work was undertaken within a week, with the Bakers working closely with Clough to ensure that their new script would match the locations and cast already booked.

As rehearsals for the final six episodes began on Thursday 19 June, checks were made on the name "Mel Bush" to ensure that there was not actually a computer programmer with this name living near Pease Pottage; the result was unclear since this was a profession which it was difficult to check on (the surname was not to feature in the episodes themselves). The Bakers attended the second day of rehearsal, which concentrated on the material for outside broadcast recording on the two-part climax. Colin Baker was delighted with the Vervoid scripts and felt that the Bakers wrote very well for his Doctor. During the Spring, Nathan-Turner had given Langford a taste of fandom by taking her to an American convention, incognito, under the name "Gwen Verdon" (a Broadway dancer of the 1950s). The casting of Langford caused concern for Clough; the character of Mel was not well defined and Langford was nervous, which the director thought appeared on screen.

For his cast, Clough drew heavily upon actors he had worked with on *Brookside*. Tony Scoggo had played Matty Nolan in the Channel 4 soap and would appear as Hallet in his many guises. Malcolm Tierney, later to feature regularly in *Lovejoy*, had played gangster Tommy McArdle and was now cast as Doland. Denys Hawthorne, playing Rudge, had been in *Within These Walls* and *Grange Hill*, while Yolande Palfrey

'There was more thought given to my clothes than to the characterisation'

Bonnie Langford • DWM 260

had appeared in *Pennies from Heaven* and done a lot of stage work prior to being cast as Janet, the stewardess. Playing Kimber was veteran actor Arthur Hewlett, who had played Kalmar in *State of Decay*, while David Allister, playing Bruchner, had been Stimson in *The Leisure Hive*. The Duty Officer in Part Ten was played by Mike Mungarvan, a regular extra on the series since 1972 who got a rare credited role on the serial. To give the Vervoids graceful movements, six dancers were cast to play them. One of these, Bob Appleby, had played a Nimon in *The Horns of Nimon*. The other principle speaking Vervoid was Peppi Borza.

The first two days of OB recording took place at Camber Sands, with more work at Stoke throughout the following week. The Bakers attended again on Friday 27 June, when clearance checks were made on the quotation from De La Mare.

Rehearsals for the studio work began in earnest on Monday 7 July, with the Bakers present on Friday 11. Studio work for Serial 7C began with a two day recording session in Studio 1 at Television Centre on Wednesday 16 and Thursday 17 July; this was largely devoted to Parts Thirteen and Fourteen to release guest stars like Tony Selby and Anthony Ainley, but it was intended that the Trial Room scenes for all six episodes should be recorded in this session – despite the fact that the court would be reacting to material on the screen which had not yet been recorded. The Bakers were in attendance on Wednesday 16 when the Trial Room material for the Vervoid episodes was taped from 7.30pm to 10pm along with scenes in the Master's TARDIS for the two concluding episodes.

On Wednesday 16, Sydney Newman, the former Head of BBC Television Drama, who had been instrumental in creating *Doctor Who*, wrote to the BBC asking if he could have a "created by" credit on future episodes.

On Thursday 17, the plan had been to complete recording on the Trial Room set – thus concluding Lynda Bellingham and Michael Jayston's work on the series as the Inquisitor and the Valeyard – and also to tape the two TARDIS scenes for Part Nine, with the console room redressed overnight. As it turned out, the TARDIS scenes were not completed and – since they only featured Baker and Langford – could be picked up in a later studio session.

With recording completed, Colin Baker and Pip and Jane Baker were guests at FalCon in Bath on Saturday 19 July. Rehearsals for the second studio had begun on Friday 18, and during these both Blackman and Craig proved to be big gigglers.

The second recording session took place in TC3 from Wednesday 30 July to Friday 1 August; taping was scheduled for 7.30pm to 10pm each evening with an afternoon session from 2.30pm to 6pm on the last two days. For the Vervoid segment of the serials, Baker was given a revised costume for the "future" Doctor with a new purple, blue and green waistcoat and a star patterned yellow cravat. Langford's look was also made as different as possible from the image she had in

STORY Paradise Five

The Valeyard accuses the Doctor of placing Mel in danger with his investigations on Paradise Five, the fifth moon of the Paradise System which forms a vast leisure complex. Paradise Five is run by a sinister man called Gabriel through his three hostesses – Stella, Bella and Lorelei – and mute half-human drones called Cherubs. Mel is working there as a pleasure hostess while the Doctor lies low in a luxury Avalon Apartment; they have found the bodies of dead businessmen floating in space near Paradise One and decided to investigate. Mel befriends Lorelei, a human businessman called Tapp and an alien scientist called Aht; all of them think there is something strange about Paradise Five. When

Gabriel leaves the moon to make enquiries about Mel on Paradise One, the Doctor emerges from hiding and enrolls as a client; he soon discovers that all the visitors are invited to Paradise Five by their business partners – and it is Gabriel's job to make sure that they never return. The Doctor and Mel are investigating the collection ships which supposedly return the visitors home, and are not of human technology; they are soon the only visitors left alongside Tapp and Aht. Gabriel learns that Mel is an impostor and has her captured along with the Doctor. In the hold of the collection ship, the Doctor finds the missing visitors in a state of shock with wraith-like aliens moving amongst them. The Doctor realises that this is an alien

slave-ship and the bodies in space were rejected slaves; this is how Gabriel and his unseen partner (who would have been revealed as the Valeyard) operate Paradise Five. The Doctor formulates a plan to escape back to Paradise One, but Lorelei reveals herself as one of the aliens (and was also to have been a companion of the Valeyard). Captured in the ship's hold, Mel has the prisoners exercise to create excess body heat, and so raise the freezing temperature of the ship, causing the aliens to evaporate. The Doctor manages to lead the prisoners to safety and get them shuttled back to Paradise One where the authorities were alerted. The Valeyard is not convinced, and accuses the Doctor of failing to expose Gabriel's partner.

the final two episodes, and a photocall for the actress was conducted on the Gym set during camera rehearsals.

Recording comprised the scenes in Grenville's Cabin with Scoggo, the Gymnasium and its adjacent Observation Cubicle, a Vervoid listening to Bruchner from behind an Air Duct grill in Part Ten, and then the scene of the Vervoids in the Bulkhead for Parts Eleven and Twelve; for these later sequences, Clough wanted low key lighting and arranged for Don Babbage, with whom he had worked on *EastEnders*, to light the studio sessions. For scenes in the Gym and Air Duct, a hand-



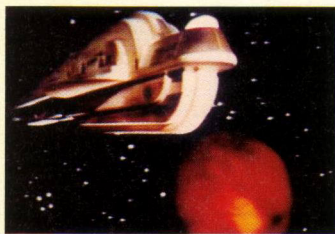
Bonnie and Colin welcome an Unexpected Guest – former Avenger Honor Blackman! © BBC

EFFECTS Modelwork

The *Hyperion III* was a three foot model made

from thermal plastic by Kevin Molloy, and was in keeping with the art deco feel of Dinah Walker's sets. Chris Clough also had a specific requirement that he wanted to be able to do a post-production tracking shot which would merge the first scene in the lounge with the

model hull of the vessel. The ship caused problems for Molloy when the first



attempt to form it saw the soft plastic melt into the heating elements during the process. Molloy also made models which were

used to enhance and enlarge the ceilings of the lounge and the hold. The Black Hole of Tartarus was also a turntable mounted model consisting of coloured acetate and small Christmas tree lights in a rotating funnel. A model of Mogar was also made, with the models then being recorded against a CSO background so that an image from a starfield box could be dropped in behind them.

held camera was used to indicate the point of view of a Vervoid, and this was later treated to give the picture a green tint. In the scene where the Doctor narrowly missed Mel being wheeled out of the Gymnasium in waste bin 126, Baker ad-libbed the Doctor's comment that he would do with getting ride of his "waist" as well.

Friday 31 July saw taping start with scenes from the final episode in the Bulkhead and Air Duct which featured the Vervoid's demise. One Vervoid costume was filled with an inflatable doll and then deflated to show the creature dying; another shot of a Vervoid's leaf in the Doctor's hand was taken with a locked-off camera, followed by a shot of a handful of dust which would be mixed to show the leaf disintegrating. After this, the scenes in the TARDIS Control Room, abandoned a fortnight earlier, were recorded; when the Doctor and Mel received the mayday message, this was fed to one of the monitors in the TARDIS console. By this stage, Grenville's Cabin had been redressed as the Elderly Passenger's Cabin and Bathroom for scenes of Kimber's demise in Parts Ten and Eleven. Cutaway shots of the Vervoids using their thorns on their victims were recorded for such sequences. Next came a few scenes in the Hydroponic Centre and Work Hut for Part Nine, with Scoggo now in Mogarian garb as Enzu; in the meantime, the cabin set was redressed again, this time as Doland's Cabin for a scene in Part Twelve. Recording then switched back to the Hydroponic Centre for the scenes which bridged the first two installments; this large two-level set was lit with low key lighting, red filtered light for the pod area, and dry ice smoke to simulate the steamy atmosphere. The pods were made from vacuum formed plastic and covered in coconut matting. For the



Janet and Mel examine the dead Mogarians with Doland, little suspecting that he's their Secret Adversary. © BBC

climax of the episode, the output of a spark generator was superimposed on the picture for Edwardes' demise, with a visual effects assistant doubling for actor Simon Slater in the close-ups involving pyrotechnics. Nathan-Turner asked Langford if she could scream in the key of F at the end of Episode Nine, as this would segue perfectly into the closing theme tune.

Taping was then scheduled to conclude for the evening on the Cabin and Bathroom composite set – this time redressed as Janet's Cabin – for scenes in the

last two episodes. However, these scenes were not completed and were left for the next studio session. Janet Fielding was also in studio on this day, paying a return visit to the series she had left three years earlier.

Afternoon and evening recording took place – with the Bakers in attendance – on Saturday 1 August, concentrating on the scenes in the Cargo Hold, Hydroponic Centre and Work Hut for all four episodes. Scoggo started off as Grenville and then donned his Enzu garb for the remaining scenes on these composite sets. One of the Vervoid pods was also rigged to pulse with light as it came to life in the first episode. The reference to "not hearing the dinner gong" in the scene where Bruchner dashed off as the Doctor arrived was an unscripted ad-lib. For the departure of the TARDIS at the end of the fourth episode, the camera shot was arranged to allow a split screen effect as Travers and Janet saw the police box vanish.

Rehearsals for the final studio session of the season began on Monday 4 August. In the meantime, *The Trial of a Time Lord* was one of the shows previewed at a BBC press conference on Thursday 7 August. BBC1 Controller Michael Grade indicated to Nathan-Turner that he found the first episode to be most satisfactory.

The Bakers were again in attendance for the final recording block of the season, which began on Tuesday 12 August with the deferred scenes in Janet's Cabin and Bathroom. The Vervoid costume worn by Borza was fitted with a smoke tube so that the face would emit marsh gas during the tremor scene at the end of Part Eleven. Unfortunately, the tube slipped inside the costume, and Borza had to be quickly released as he was being choked by the fumes. After these scenes came most of the

'We were determined not to let Melanie become superfluous. We wanted her to be a forceful girl'

Jane Baker • DWM 303

scenes in the Lounge, a large two level-set designed by Walker to draw upon the art deco 1930s style associated with Agatha Christie. Scenes were recorded as far as the start of Episode Twelve; again, this required Scoggo to start off as Grenville and then don Mogarian garb before his death and unmasking as Hallet. To emphasise the influences on the story, Professor Lasky was seen reading a copy of *Murder on the Orient Express* and *Other Mysteries*. The material with Mel stopping the Doctor from having a biscuit in Part Ten was some extra unscripted business.

On Wednesday 14, the morning before the studio recording brought some bad news for Nathan-Turner when he checked in at the production offices. The producer was just leaving for Television Centre when he was telephoned by BBC publicity officer Kevin O'Shea and warned that the new issue of the science-fiction magazine *Starburst* had printed an interview with Saward in which the former script editor discussed the personal problems he had encountered working with Nathan-Turner. He did not like Nathan-Turner's casting of people whom he felt were "light entertainment" based, found communication with Colin Baker difficult, and believed that the producer had devoted too much time and attention to the various American conventions that he was involved with. He also cited the producer's attitudes towards established writers and directors on the series. Nathan-Turner was very upset by the piece, while the BBC dismissed it of not worthy of comment. O'Shea prepared a statement for Nathan-Turner to sign and a copy of the article was passed to Jonathan Powell. Although an independent solicitor advised the producer to take legal action, Powell recommended that Nathan-Turner ignore the piece.

Taping on Wednesday 13 began with the final scenes on the Lounge set, starting with Janet clearing up in the aftermath of the turbulence. The Doctor's comment "after all, I am a Doctor" was another ad-lib from Baker, as was the nicknaming of Travers as "Tonker" in Part Nine. After the Lounge scenes were completed, the scenes on the Bridge and in the adjacent Bridge Lobby and Air Duct were taped for the serial; a prop and lock were used at the start of Part Twelve for the crew burning their way onto the bridge. The final scene scheduled for recording was done out of sequence and was the unmasking of the two dead Mogarians, for which Sam Howard's unmasked face appeared briefly with golden make-up and a filtered mouth appliance as the dead Atza.

The final studio recording day, Thursday 14 August, saw the mammoth serial completed with recording in many corridor sets, interspersed with the scenes in the Waste Disposal Unit, the Communication Room and the Isolation Cabin. In the corridor scene with Doland at the start of Part Eleven, the "that way" gag was another unscripted ad-lib. The Communications Room set made heavy use of monochrome monitors with various graphics feeds and also displayed the date as "16 4 2986". For her brief appearance as the infected Ruth Baxter, Barbara Ward donned a bald cap, over which half a latex Vervoid mask was worn, obscuring the left hand side of her face. A thin air bladder operated from off



Stepping down: off-screen it's *Cards on the Table* time for Colin Baker ... © BBC

camera was used to make the plant vein pulse.

On the same day, Colin Baker did an interview for BBCr's daytime feedback programme *Open Air* and also recorded an insert which would see him announcing an edition of *Roland Rat – The Series*, a new puppet show which was due to precede *Doctor Who* on Saturday nights in the BBC's new autumn season; in this insert, Baker was seen to fire a gun from the Vervoid serial at Roland's annoying cousin, Reggie.

Towards the end of recording there was a strange feeling amongst the crew about the show's future; no definite go-ahead had been given and there were those who feared that *Doctor Who* was going to be cancelled. Many of those involved with the season joined the cast and crew for a big party that night; the highlight of the evening was Tierney and Allister performing in drag as two cleaners who comment on the things they find when clearing up after the *Doctor Who* wrap party.

On Tuesday 19 August, the BBC confirmed that *Doctor Who* would be returning for a twenty-fourth season in 1987. The following weekend, Baker was amongst the guests in Swindon at the Leisure Hive III convention. The actor was by now starting to grow a beard and appeared with his facial hair on BBCr's *Wogan* on Monday 25 August where he and Lynda Bellingham chatted to Terry Wogan about the forthcoming season, after a number of monsters from the series had wandered out of the TARDIS. The following week, Baker was again in the papers when a speeding offence saw him banned from motoring for three months.

At the end of the month, the national press picked up on the dispute between Saward and Nathan-Turner, with the *Sun* having Baker, Langford and Nathan-Turner commenting on the erstwhile script-editor on Saturday 30. On Wednesday 3 September, senior BBC drama producer Ken Riddington replied to Sydney Newman's earlier enquiry to say that he would not be receiving a

credit as *Doctor Who*'s creator. However, by now Newman had suggested that he should meet Grade to discuss the series, and after a lunchtime meeting Grade invited Newman to submit a proposal for revamping *Doctor Who*.

Friday 5 September was the gallery only video effects session on the serial. This included the addition of the starfields behind the lounge set and on the main screen of the Bridge, the electronic video hologram game played by the Mogarians in Part Ten (which was tilted using Quantel), the crosswires and readings seen on the Bridge in Parts Ten and Eleven, the swirling black hole in the final two episodes, the white-out of the vionesium attack in Part Twelve and numerous model shots showing the model of the *Hyperion III* departing from Mogar and in flight.

On Saturday 6 September, Langford promoted the new series on BBCr's *Saturday Picture Show*, while Baker, Nathan-Turner and Pip and Jane Baker were amongst those attending Panopticon VII at Imperial College in South Kensington. The fans were eagerly awaiting Part One of *The Trial of a Time Lord* to be shown at the convention, and Nathan-Turner announced that he would not be producing the next season of *Doctor Who*. On Monday 8 September, Baker and Langford were amongst the cast and crew recording a special item on the new season for *Blue Peter* with the TARDIS set erected for the presenters to have a chat with the Doctor and Mel.

The *Evening Standard* on Tuesday 9 and *Television Today* on Thursday 11 September continued to cover the Saward controversy. In the meantime, Baker had departed for America where he was one of the BBC's special guests representing 50 years of television broadcasting at a special BBC50 celebration in North America; the actor found himself alongside BBC executives Michael Grade and Bill Cotton. Baker appeared at a convention in Washington run by Spirit of Light on Saturday 13 September, and then spent another couple of weeks promoting the series in the United States alongside Tom Baker.

Baker's cameo for *Roland Rat – The Series* was aired on Saturday 13 September, while the *Blue Peter* feature appeared in the edition broadcast on Thursday 18; this also included an extract from Part Nine showing Mel and the Doctor in the TARDIS which had not yet had the electronic exercise music dubbed onto it. The following Tuesday, Langford began another tour in *Peter Pan*, starting in Cardiff.

The music score for the episodes was composed by Malcolm Clarke of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop and ran to about 33 minutes, including around 16 seconds of visual music in Part Nine for the aerobics session. Clarke saw the score as grand and luxurious, fitting in with the "ocean liner" setting. In post-production, the Vervoids' dialogue was also treated, as was that of the Mogarians which – when not being translated – was run in reverse with distortion and reverberation.

On Monday 6 October, Sydney Newman submitted his proposal to revamp *Doctor Who*; the stories set on other planets were to be cut back and more creative

EDITING Parts Nine to Twelve

Part Nine lost a short scene at the start showing Grenville entering his cabin after meeting Kimber in the lounge; he angrily slams his briefcase on his bed and goes back to the door. Also dropped was a short scene of Janet showing Enzu to Cabin 3 and inviting him to join the other passengers in the lounge for refreshments. The end of the scene where the Doctor and Mel were found and escorted away by the crew was dropped; as they are marched off, Mel comments "You certainly talked us out of trouble there!". After the party has moved off, Enzu enters and starts to study the mesh of the Hydroponic Centre. A quick shot of the pulsing pod as Enzu left the hut was dropped as well. Two other cuts were a quick scene at the Waste Disposal Unit of the attacked guard getting to his feet and activating an alarm button, and the end

of the next scene with Rudge calling Travers, and Travers commenting "What I've done to be landed with him, I fail to comprehend!"

The only cut to Part Ten was Mel commenting that the armed guard outside the Isolation Room was strange. Part Eleven lost two short scenes; the Doctor walking along the corridor, finding the guard's broken instrument and throwing it in a wastebin while a Vervoid watched from behind a grille, and a short scene in the Hydroponic Centre where Doland enters and sees that every plant has been uprooted and stacked as if ready for a bonfire.

Part Twelve suffered the most cuts. An early scene in the Lobby was dropped where Lasky asks Travers how long before the ship reaches the point of no return, and the Commodore replies that no-one has ever lived to find out. A brief scene of fumes entering the bridge was dropped. After

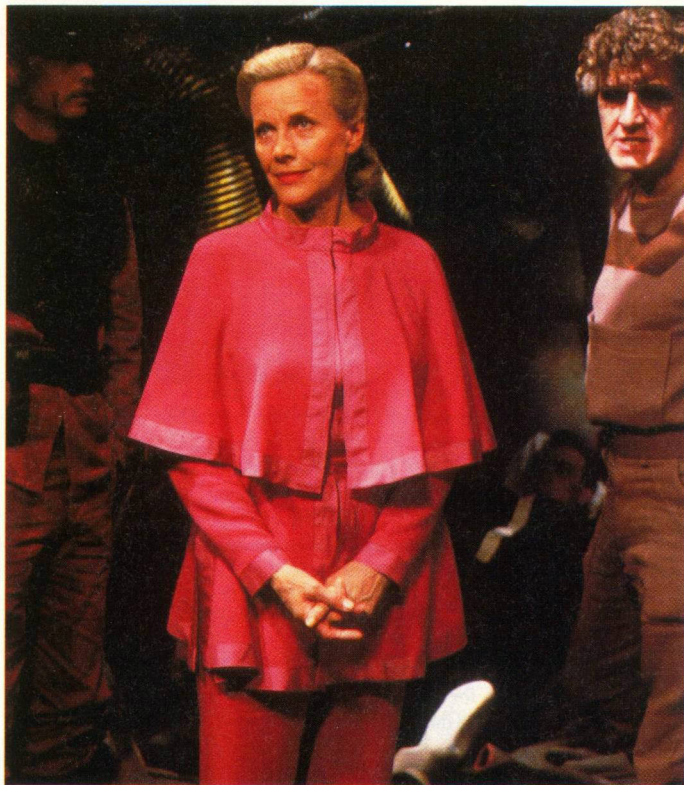
the Mogarians take command, there was a short scene of the Doctor's group outside the bridge as the ship changes course. There was then a scene from the Trial Room cut where the Valeyard holds the Doctor responsible for Bruchner's death – only to have the



Inquisitor put him in his place as the Doctor comments on his misgivings about Rudge's quick thinking. The end of the scene where Rudge ushers his hostages into the lounge was cut to remove the Doctor explaining to Travers that his performance in the corridor was to warn Mel. A

short scene on the bridge was removed where Rudge's voice comes on the intercom and asks if there is a sighting; Atza replies that they are on course and would have completed the mission if not for human interference. A short scene of Mel in the air duct was also cut. There was a cut to the end of the courtroom scene where the Doctor emphasises Travers' request for his help. A model shot of the lights being turned off across the *Hyperion* was omitted (as the team felt the ship looked a little too much like a model), as was a brief shot of the Doctor and the Inquisitor watching the demise of the Vervoids.

The BBC hold a total of 30 recording spools for the episodes along with two previous edits of Part Nine (29'30" and 24'45"), one early edit of Part Ten (24'47"), a shorter edit of Part Eleven (23'55") and a longer edit of Part Twelve (25'47").



Lasky (Honor Blackman) and Doland (Malcolm Tierney) *The Man in the Brown Suit*. © BBC

exploration done of situations on Earth involving science and ecology. The stories would be less escapist and have more relevance to the current audience, exploring contemporary issues or allegories for topical situations. He suggested that Patrick Troughton should return as the Doctor at first, and then the character should be regenerated into a woman. The two companions from present day Earth would be a homesick, trumpet-playing 12-year-old girl and her over-confident, graffiti spraying 18-year-old brother. Newman subsequently met with Powell, but when the pair failed to hit it off, Newman's revamp was abandoned.

Back from America, Baker was the subject of press attention from the Sun and Daily Star on Saturday 11 October, while the following day the Sunday Express observed that the series was improving and hoped that the BBC would not axe it after all. Langford was taking time out from her tour of *Peter Pan* to promote her début as Mel, and was interviewed by Esther Rantzen on Wogan on Friday 17 October. Baker did a promotional appearance at a Teddy Bear's Concert in London on Sunday 19.

Part Nine of *The Trial of a Time Lord* was screened on Monday 20 October at a second press launch for Langford's arrival on the series; Baker and Langford were both present in costume along with Nathan-Turner and the Bakers. Langford hated watching the episode because she disliked the image she gave as Mel in the show. Papers like *Today* and the *Daily Express* covered the launch the following day. Also on Monday 20, Nathan-Turner had been on BBC1's *Breakfast Time* where he had been interviewed by Sally Magnusson about his new book, *Doctor Who: The Companions*,

alongside Janet Fielding and Nicola Bryant.

The first signs that there were problems for the show and its star came on Tuesday 21 October when Grade told Nathan-Turner that although *The Trial of a Time Lord* was an improvement, it was still not right. *Doctor Who* would continue with a new producer – and a new Doctor. Even although he was leaving the series at the end of November, Nathan-Turner argued in favour of keeping Baker as the Doctor. Unfortunately, Powell agreed with Grade and indicated that the Doctor should regenerate every three years to keep the series fresh, and the missing season would count as one of Baker's three years.

Baker's contract was due to be renewed on Friday 31 October, and Nathan-Turner arranged to see him on Wednesday 29 October to break the news to him personally over a lunchtime meeting. Then, on the morning of the meeting, Nathan-Turner received the first direct enquiry from a Fleet Street journalist about Baker not being retained as the Doctor. Worried that the story was about to break, Nathan-Turner telephoned Baker at once and told him the bad news. The actor postponed the lunch date; he was offended by the BBC's treatment of him and upset that there was still so much he wanted to do with the role.

On Thursday 30 October, the *Radio Times* promoted Langford's *Doctor Who* début with a colour Back Page feature entitled "Bonnie's Just What The Doctor Ordered". Written by Patrick Mulkern, Melanie was introduced as "the Doctor's energetic 26th companion" and the piece established that her first encounter with the Doctor would not be shown. The listings were accompanied by a monochrome shot of Blackman. To preserve various plot twists, Scoggo was billed as Grenville on Part Nine's credits and *Radio Times*; for Part Ten, his *Radio Times* credit was as Enzu although his real identity was revealed on the programme's closing credits as Hallet. Similarly, Barbara Ward was billed as Mutant for Part Ten. The *Daily Express* also ran an article to promote the story on Saturday 1 November.

The ratings for *The Trial of a Time Lord* showed a small rise for Langford's début and the Vervoid segment generally netted around five million viewers – still very small when twice as many were tuning in for a TV movie of *The Worst Witch* or episodes of *The A Team* on ITV. Audience Appreciation in comparison was marginally down. Sunday 2 November saw Baker performing another charity parachute jump to raise money for the Foundation for the Study of Infant Deaths, and on

'Plants and humans share a common bond - they have feelings too!'

Pip Baker • DWM 303

Friday 14 November he was interviewed by Peter Dickson on Radio 2's *Nightline*.

As it turned out, Nathan-Turner would not be leaving *Doctor Who* after all. On Friday 28 November, he was preparing to go on leave from the BBC to direct *Cinderella* – starring Colin Baker – at the Theatre Royal in Brighton. Summoned before Powell, he was informed that he would be producing Season Twenty-Four. When he protested that there was insufficient time to prepare a new season, Nathan-Turner was told that he would find a way of coping and was shown out. Talking to Riddington afterwards, Nathan-Turner was told that he had done his job producing and promoting *Doctor Who* too well, and was now trapped in the "industry".

On the morning of Saturday 29 November, Baker appeared live on *Saturday Superstore* with Time Lords and various monsters from the series (played by fans recruited by Nathan-Turner); the same morning, Tony Purnell of the *Daily Mirror* broke the rumour that Baker would not be returning as the Doctor whereas Langford was already contracted; Jon Pertwee and Patrick Troughton were quoted as saying they would be happy to return as the Doctor. On Friday 12 December, *Cinderella* began its run in Brighton, and the next day the Sun confirmed that Baker had been "sacked".

Baker attended a final recording in costume as the Doctor for the *Tomorrow's World* Christmas Quiz in Studio 3 at Television Centre on Sunday 14 December; this was broadcast on BBC1 on Thursday 18 December, by which time Baker had decided to make a statement about the situation. Various papers such as the *Evening Standard* and the *Daily Mail* covered the story on Thursday 18 December. A statement from Baker's agent was read on *Open Air*, stating that Baker had turned down an offer to do a four-part serial to hand over to his successor.

Various papers continued to cover the story on Friday 19, with the *Daily Express* inviting readers to submit their ideas for a new Doctor. As a result, Saturday 20 saw the tabloids swamped with speculation on the new casting;

SCRIPTING Vervoids and Mogarians

The Vervoids' hatching from giant pods, described as "Over two metres tall", was indicated at the end of Part Nine as "From the first ruptured seam – flexing and clawing – pokes a waxy, olive, leaf-veined hand –" As the Vervoids emerged at the start of Part Ten, the script noted "We see this sequence POV the eyes of the creature (a Vervoid) as it is emerging from the ruptured pod. All is muted in a green haze." The main description of the

Vervoids came in the script for Part Eleven: "waxy, olive green arms ... The biped's head sculpted like a closed ivory brown bud, has



sunken cheeks that project forward an O-shaped rubbery mouth. Curling, transparent sepals shield ear-slits. Neither eyebrows nor lashes frame the lidless,

staring eyes in the grotesque, noseless face. (Vervoids, being plants, breathe through their foliage)." Attacking a guard in the corridor, a Vervoid implants "a stinging thorn in the guard's cheek". In Part Nine, the script described "The opaque goggles of the two Mogarians"; the fake Mogarian, Enzu, was "distinguished by a sash". When Atza approached Janet in Part Nine, there was a reference to "his

gloved fist" and how he spoke with "an unintelligible sibilant, guttural noise ... emitted from an electronic box linked by a nozzle to his begoggled helmet". In Part Ten, it was noted "The three Mogarians are fixing tubes to their helmets so they can drink". When the dead Mogarians were unmasked in Part Twelve, "the features revealed are blond, classically formed and aesthetically gentle in their final repose". Occasionally in the rehearsal scripts, the Mogarians were referred to as "Morgarians".

The Trial of a Time Lord Parts Nine to Twelve

a group of Labour Euro MPs were lobbying for a female Doctor, the Mail said Alexei Sayle was top of the shortlist and Joanna Lumley was tipped by the Sun's Anne Caborn.

In the new year, Baker gave Sue Carroll of the Sun an exclusive interview. "Why I'll Never Forgive Gutless Grade, By Axed Dr Who" appeared on Tuesday 5 January, with a follow-up the next day, "My Dr Who Axing Will Hit Cot Death Cash". Meanwhile the Radio Times of Thursday 8 January had a letter from Susan Flower of Chesham praising the season but querying why one of the Vervoids had a Liverpudlian accent!

The Bakers novelised their scripts for WH Allen under the publisher's preferred title of *Terror of the Vervoids*, restoring several of the edited scenes. This was published in hardback in September 1987, with the paperback edition – Book No 125 in the

Target Library – appearing in February 1988. Fine Art Castings issued a 40mm model of a Vervoid in 1987, with Harlequin also issuing figures of two Vervoids and Mel in 1988. A publicity shot of Mel from the serial was issued as a BBC postcard in 1986. The serial was issued on videotape by BBC Enterprises under the title *Terror of the Vervoids* as part of the special tin for *The Trial of a Time Lord* in October 1993.

The serial was shown in Australia in the late 1980s and in New Zealand in January 1990; in North America it was also syndicated as a 91 minute compilation. The episodes were screened on UK Gold in November 1994, and have aired as a compilation since December 1994. The serial also appeared on the German satellite channel VOX as part of *Das Utreil* (*The Sentence*) in February 1995.

DEJIM

SERIAL 7C The Trial of a Time Lord Parts Nine to Twelve

CAST Colin Baker The Doctor with Bonnie Langford Melanie and Lynda Bellingham The Inquisitor, Michael Jayston The Valeyard, Honor Blackman Professor Lasky, Yolande Palfrey Janet, Denys Hawthorne Rudge, Tony Scoggo Grenville/Enzu* [9-10], Arthur Hewlett Kimber [9-10]**, David Allister Bruchner, Hugh Beverton First Guard [9-11]***, Sam Howard Atza, Simon Slater Edwardes [9-10]**, Michael Craig Commodore, Malcolm Tierney Doland, Leon Davis Ortezo, Hugh Weedon Second Guard [10]**, Mike Mungarvan Duty Officer [10], Barbara Ward Mutant/Ruth Baxter [10-12]****, Peppi Borza First Vervoid [11-12], Bob Appleby Second Vervoid [11-12].

* Tony Scoggo plays Hallett, who appears in the guise of Grenville in Part Nine and Enzu in Part Ten and is billed as such on-screen, although Radio Times lists him as Grenville on both episodes. ** Appears uncredited as corpse in subsequent episodes *** Billed as Guard on Parts Nine and Eleven; uncredited as corpse in Part Twelve **** Billed as Mutant on Part Ten and Ruth Baxter on Parts Eleven and Twelve

EXTRAS Kenneth Thomas, David Bache, Leslie Fry, James Delaney, Roy Seeley *Crimson Time Lords*; Derek Hunt, David Fieldsend, Lew Hooper, David Enyon, Llewellyn Williams *Orange Time Lords*; John Buckmaster, Jack Horton, Martin Clark, Bob Hargreaves, Barry Butler *Brown Time Lords*; Ian Marshal-Fisher *Clerk of the Court*; John Capper, Kevin O'Brien, Gary Forecast, Oscar Peck *Court Guards*; Quint Boa, Richard Bonehill, Paul Holmes, John Constable *Guards*; Lea Derrick, John Small *Stewards*; Martin Hyder, Barry Holland *Waste Disposal Operator/Attendant*; Maurice Iley, Johnnie Lee Harris *Medics*; Quint Boa, Richard Bonehill, Paul Holmes, John Constable, Lea Derrick, Martin Hyder, Barry Holland, Robert Goodman, Maurice Iley, Kevin Vaughan, Johnnie Lee Harris *Loaders*; Michael Summerfield *Duty Officer*; Gess Whitfield, Paul Hillier, Bill Perrie, Jerry Manley *Vervoids*; Robert Goodman, Kevin Vaughan *Officers*; Martin Clark, Geoff Whitestone *Hyperion III Crew*.

CREDITS Written by Pip and Jane Baker. Incidental Music Malcolm Clarke. Special Sound Dick Mills. Production Manager Ian Fraser. Production Associates June Collins, Jenny Doe. Production Assistant Jane Wellesley. Assistant Floor Manager Karen Little. Visual Effects Designer Kevin Molloy. Video Effects Danny Popkin. Technical Co-Ordinator Alan Arbuthnott. Camera Supervisor Alec Wheal. Vision Mixer Shirley Coward [and Jim Stephens, uncredited]. Videotape Editor Hugh Parson. Lighting Director Don Babbage. Sound Brian Clark. Costume Designer Andrew Rose. Make-up Designer Shaunna Harrison. Designer Dinah Walker. Producer John Nathan-Turner. Director Chris Clough. BBC © 1986

ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating (chart pos)	App index
Part Nine	1 November 1986	5.45-6.10pm	24'56"	5.2M (85th)	66
Part Ten	8 November 1986	5.45-6.10pm	24'18"	4.6M (93rd)	69
Part Eleven	15 November 1986	5.45-6.10pm	24'07"	5.3M (86th)	69
Part Twelve	22 November 1986	5.45-6.10pm	24'45"	5.2M (89th)	69



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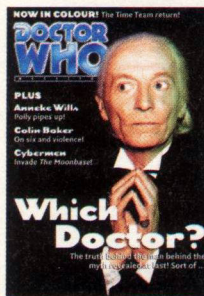
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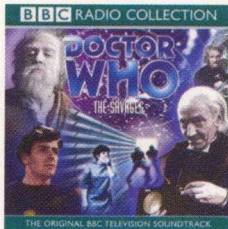
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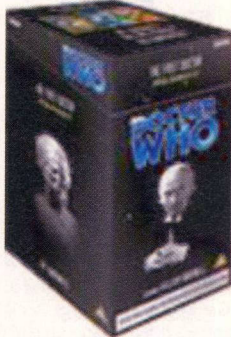
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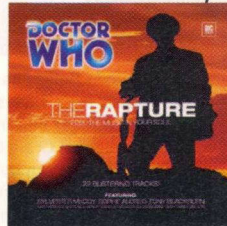
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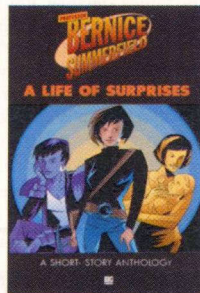
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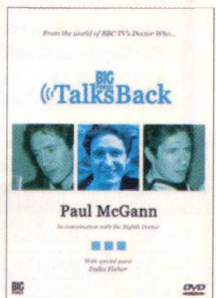
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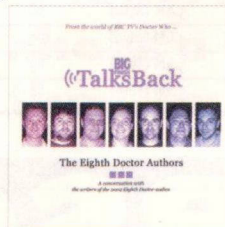
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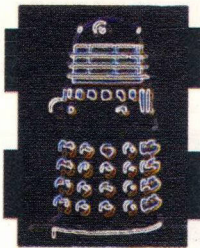
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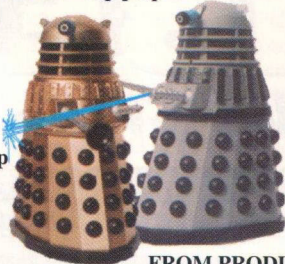
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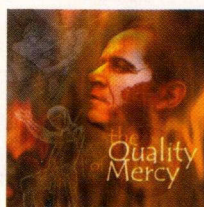
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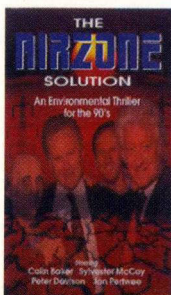
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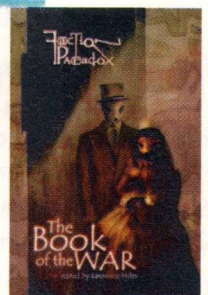
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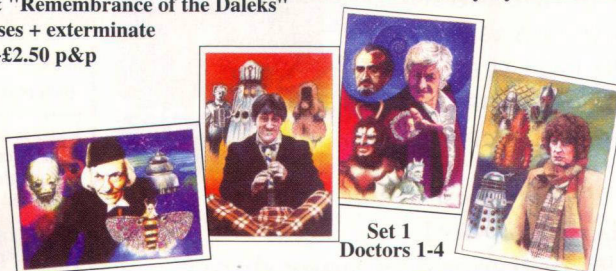
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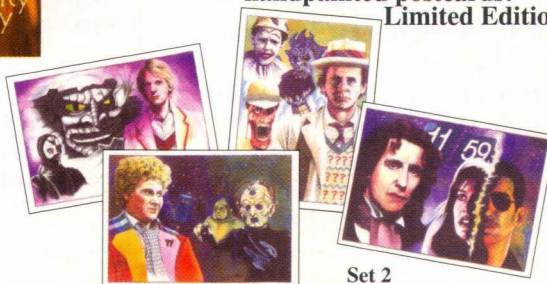


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OBLIVION

PART ONE

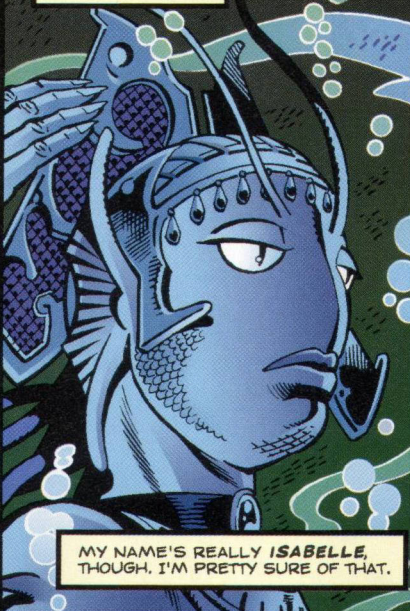
STORY - SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART - MARTIN GERAGHTY
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LETTERING - ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR - CLAYTON HICKMAN

THIS DREAM'S FUNNY. I LOOK LIKE A FISH IN IT. LITTLE OLD LADIES ARE PUTTING BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES ON ME.



THEY SEEM EXCITED. THEY CALL ME A SILLY NAME...

"DESTRIANATOS."



MY NAME'S REALLY ISABELLE, THOUGH. I'M PRETTY SURE OF THAT.

THEY TAKE ME UP OUT OF MY BEDROOM (SO WET!) AND DOWN A LONG, COLD HALLWAY CARVED OUT OF STONE.



AND WE WALK FOR A WHILE, UNTIL WE COME TO A VERY BIG DOOR...

AND THE DOOR CREEEEAKS OPEN...

AND I WAKE UP...

BUT THE DREAM DOESN'T STOP.

ALL PRAISE TO THE PRIMATRIX INCARNATE!



YOUR RADIANCE, IT IS SO WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU WELL AGAIN...

THE VERY PORTRAIT OF YOUTHFUL VITALITY...

WHAT INDOMITABLE SPIRIT...

UH... THANKS...

THIS IS OFF-THE-SCALE WEIRD. THEY THINK I'M DESTRI... THAT MUCH MAKES SENSE. BUT THEY'RE ACTING LIKE SHE'S...

ROYALTY?

HOW DID I GET HERE, ANYWAY?
THE LAST THING I CAN REMEMBER
IS THE DALEK CITY...

AH... PRIMATRIX? I
HAVE NO WISH TO HURRY
YOU, BUT... THE MATRIAX
AWAITS YOUR DIVINE
PRESENCE.

OH, UH...
RIGHT.

UH-OH.

DESTRII'S
MUM.
GOT TO
BE.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO SAY TO HER? "HI,
GUESS WHAT? I'M NOT REALLY YOUR
DAUGHTER... WE SWAPPED BODIES AND SHE
GOT BLOWN TO BITS BY AN ANGRY ROCK-MAN?"

SHE'S BOUND TO BE
DEVASTATED NO MATTER
HOW I EXPLAIN IT.

UM...

GOOD EVENING, YOUR
MAJESTY. I'M NOT SURE
HOW TO SAY THIS... BUT...





OUR BELOVED DESTRIANATOS WALKS AMONGST US ONCE MORE!

CALLOOH!
CALLAY!

NOW, NOW, MY LITTLE DARKLING SEED, NO LAZING ABOUT ON THE FLOOR!

YOUR OLD UNCLE JODAFRA WANTS TO SEE YOU IN YOUR FULL SPLENDOUR! ARISE!

I DO HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR BRIEF TASTE OF FREEDOM, MY SWEET. I'M DYING TO HEAR ALL ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURES...

Y-YES...
THANK YOU...

JODAFRA.

AH, SCALAMANTHIA! YOU GROW MORE RAVISHING WITH EACH PASSING YEAR! IS THAT A HINT OF BLOOD-BLOSSOM I SCENT?

MY INVITATION WAS TRAGICALLY LOST IN THE POST, BUT I KNEW YOU'D BE CRUSHED IF I DIDN'T POP IN TO CELEBRATE DESTRIANATOS' HOMECOMING...

OH, A THOUSAND PARDONS... I MEANT "RECOVERY".

YOU DARE TO ADDRESS THE MATHIAX BY NAME, FOOL? APOLOGISE FOR YOUR INSOLENCE IMMEDIATELY!

HMM?

I'M INNER FAMILY, YOU UNCONNECTED LADDER-CLIMBER. SHOW SOME DECORUM.

I'LL SHOW YOU MY BLADE, YOU PRANCING LOU!

SWWWSSH

HAH-HAH-HAH!

I SEE MY STATUS AS COURT JESTER IS UNDER THREAT...



LORD KALUTHIS. YOU HAVE DISPLEASED US.

MY MATRIAX, I -- I ONLY WISHED TO DEFEND YOUR DIGNITY! THIS CUR WAS --

YOU SOUGHT TO INGRATiate YOURSELF. YOUR CRUDE ATTEMPTS TO CURRY FAVOUR ARE AN INSULT TO OUR INTELLIGENCE.

IT WOULD SEEM YOU NEED REMINDING...

WE HAVE OUR OWN DEFENDERS.

HELIOTH...

HASSANA...

NAUGHTY

MAN YOU HAVE

MADE THE

MATRIAX SAD

NO! MATRIAX, PLEASE! I AM YOUR SWORN SERVANT! Y-YOUR SLAVE!

NO!!!

WE WILL

MAKE

YOU SAD

NOW TOO





DID THEY DO THAT...
TO THE DOCTOR?

BRAVO!

WHAT A
DISPLAY!

SHEER
SPECTACLE!

KLAP-KLAP-KLAP-KLAP



HARDLY *NECESSARY*, WAS
IT, SCALA? THE BUFFOON
NEEDED HIS *BRITCHES*
TWISTED, NOT HIS
ATOMS SCATTERED.

THAT WAS A
DEMONSTRATION,
JODAFRA, FOR
YOU.



I KNOW YOU
ENGINEERED MY
DAUGHTER'S...
ABSENCE.

I TOLERATE YOUR INDULGENCES --
TO A *DEGREE*. YOUR TALENTS
HAVE PROVEN *USEFUL*, BUT IF
YOU THINK YOURSELF
INDISPENSABLE,
THINK TWICE.

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS
I THAT THIS WORLD HANGS
BY A *THREAD*, JODAFRA.
TRY TO CUT IT *AGAIN*...

AND ALL YOUR
SKILLS WILL NOT
SAVE YOU.



SHE'S SEEN ME
TRYING TO BACK
OUT -- HERE
SHE *COMES*...

OH LORD, THAT *STARE* COULD
DRILL THROUGH *CONCRETE*.



NO MORE *GAMES*, YOU
WORTH-LESS LITTLE
WRETCH. YOU'RE BACK
FOR *GOOD*. TOMORROW'S
RITUAL *WILL* TAKE PLACE
AND YOU *WILL* ABIDE
BY IT, FOR THAT IS
YOUR *SOLEMN*
DUTY.

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND ME,
DESTRIANATOS?

Y-YES...

BECAUSE IF YOU
DON'T, YOUR
PRECIOUS *UNCLE*,
YOUR SENILE
HANDMAIDENS AND
ANYONE YOU'VE
EVER *SMILED* AT
WILL SHORTLY BE
SHRIEKING FOR
DEATH'S SWEET
CARESS.

NOW GO TO
YOUR ROOM...



...YOUR *WEDDING*
COMMENCES AT
DAWN.



WELL, NOW,
WHAT'S
THIS...?



...A "WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE" POSTER, PERCHANCE?

CARE TO COMMENT, DESTRII?

I'M A **POPULAR GIRL**, DOC. WORK OUT THE REST YOURSELF.

DON'T WORRY, I INTEND TO.

STILL UPSET ABOUT BEING TAKEN **HOM**E, YOUNG LADY? I'M SURE WHICHEVER **PRISON** YOU TUNNELED OUT OF WILL BE **THRILLED** TO HAVE YOU BACK...

THAT **SMILE'S** GOING TO BE SLIDING CLEAN OFF YOUR **FACE** SOON, MRS PEEL. THAT'S A **GUARANTEE**.



HMMPH.

THIS CITY'S **HUGE**, BUT I STILL FEEL **HEMMED IN**. CURIOUS...

I TAKE IT WE HAVE A PLAN OF ACTION WHEN WE ACTUALLY **FIND** **IZZY**? WE'LL STILL HAVE TO RETURN HER **MIND** TO HER **BODY**...

BEFORE WE LEFT **OPHIDIUS**, I DID SOME **DOWNLOADING**. I HAVE ENOUGH DATA TO RECREATE ONE OF THE **OPHIDIANS' RECIPROCATOR MACHINES**. A LITTLE **PSYCHIC SURGERY** AND **IZZY** WILL BE **FINE**.

THAT PART DOESN'T WORRY ME...

THEN WHAT DOES?

AND THE AIR SEEMS **DEAD** SOMEHOW...

ACCORDING TO THE **TARDIS STAR-CHARTS**, WE SHOULD BE WALKING THROUGH **DEEP SPACE** RIGHT NOW. THERE'S NO RECORD OF A PLANET AT THESE CO-ORDINATES -- NOT IN **ANY TIME PERIOD**.

SO WHERE ARE WE?



YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW?

YOU'RE ON THE **WRONG SIDE OF NOWHERE**, KIDS. THE **END OF THE PUNCHLINE**.

YOU'RE IN **OBIVION**.

DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU...

To be continued...

“SO YOU SEE, EVELYN, I REALLY AM
EVERY INCH THE MONSTER THEY
BELIEVE ME TO BE...”



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Hogg in the limelight

FROM VICTORIAN ENGLAND TO DEEP SPACE, **IAN HOGG** LOVES A BIT OF SERIOUS PANTOMIME! 'BOW DOWN BEFORE ME!' HE TELLS BENJAMIN COOK. 'YOU HAVE A NEW LEADER NOW ...'

When I catch up with Ian Hogg, one of this country's most distinguished actors, he has taken a day off from playing the title role in a major Royal Shakespeare Company production of *Julius Caesar* to play an "alien crocodile" in an average-sized Big Finish production of *Doctor Who* ...

"Actually, they're very similar," he says, adopting a funny voice and sounding remarkably like a crocodile: "Aliens – I am your Director! You have a new leader now!" isn't that far removed from 'Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears'! Shakespeare is high literature. And high drama. And to do that, as an actor, you have to

Perhaps Ian's greatest contribution to television was his portrayal of tough-talking Detective Sergeant Alan Rockliffe in 1987's *Rockliffe's Babies* and the subsequent *Rockliffe's Folly* (of "in 25 minutes, Rockliffe's Folly, but first Doctor Who ..." fame), which told of the main character's trials in training police officers to become detectives. "A marvellous show! I'd never really done anything like that before," he reflects, "because I usually do costume dramas. Half of my career has been in period costume! Rockliffe had an erudite kind of eccentricity about him, which is exactly what the British are best at, isn't it? I mean, Josiah was quite an eccentric, too, what with his collection of insects ..."

couldn't make head nor tail of *Ghost Light*. "Oh well, yes ... I mean, no ... I mean, it was very complicated. A clever script, which really immersed itself in Darwinian theory. I evolved into a younger me – heh, heh! A philosophical doughnut – never ending, do you see? There was a strong philosophical structure behind *Ghost Light* – very clever." You had no idea what *Ghost Light* was about, then? "Hah – not really! We must have rehearsed it for about a week, so somebody probably worked it out by the time we got into studio. Thank God!"

Spaceships are all very well, but Ian thinks that *Doctor Who* works best "when it's based in reality, which is what I liked about *Ghost Light* – even if you didn't understand it all, there was still something to grasp onto."

When he made *Ghost Light*, was Ian aware that *Doctor Who* was coming to an end? "Not as such – but I could see that the whole system was severely under strain. The old order clearly wasn't going to be around for long – everything was evolving. I remember John Nathan-Turner saying, 'I won't be with you much longer,' because he was a BBC staff producer. What I thought was great about John was that he gave less-experienced people a chance to work on such a prolific show."

"Making *Doctor Who* needs a very peculiar kind of alchemy. You have to balance a strange world that is part children's stories and part Shakespearean, which is why the best guys to have in *Doctor Who* are Shakespearean actors. Naturalistic performances are all very well on *EastEnders*," he grins, much like a crocodile might, "but *Doctor Who* requires actors to go one step beyond ..." **DWM**

'Ghost Light was like a philosophical doughnut – never ending, you see?'

have a very good sense of language. The same is true for *Doctor Who* – but especially on audio.

"I always used to call *Doctor Who* 'serious pantomime'," he continues,

"a bit like Monty Python, and nothing like *Star Trek*. And *The Sandman* is typical *Doctor Who*. Voshkar is very much a *Doctor Who* alien – of a people called the Galyari. And as far as I gather, I look like a crocodile – reptilian and very ancient. And to get a physical sense across on audio, I've been waving my arms about a lot in studio! Strangely enough, doing *Doctor Who* on audio is tremendously liberating, because the mind doesn't make wobbly sets. I mean, maybe the sets should wobble a bit, because that was part of its charm, but I think *Doctor Who* could be much more vivid on audio ..."

The year after *Rockliffe's Folly*, Ian landed the role of Josiah Samuel Smith in haunted house story *Ghost Light*, the final British-lensed *Doctor Who* television serial made to date. "I was playing, if I remember correctly, a mad professor, who was, in fact, an alien – a kind of 'insectoid' species that can transform themselves into men. And his main concern was to assassinate Queen Victoria and take over the British Empire – but he begins to transform back into an insect, which was unfortunate. He begins to flake! Now, on audio, you just have to say, 'Oh my God – I'm flaking! I'm transforming! I'm becoming a larvae! Aargh!' instead of having cornflakes stuck all over your face, as I did on *Ghost Light*, which isn't nearly as liberating. I am an alien, so all I have to do on audio is find the voice. And say things like 'Bow down before me!'"

Ian seems to have grasped what *The Sandman* is about, but I'd be willing to bet my last Rolo that he



The DWM Review

Cultured

BOX SET WILLY: 1066 AND ALL THAT ...



ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

WARNING! Spoilers ahead

It's Doctor Who Magazine's policy to review new Doctor Who adventures as fully as possible, from beginning to end – so if you've not yet read or listened to the books and audios under discussion in this issue, and you don't want their plots to be given away, stop reading now!

DOCTOR WHO: THE FIRST DOCTOR BOX SET

VIDEO BBC WORLDWIDE/WH SMITH
LIMITED EDITION BOXED SET
RRP £29.99
CAT NO BBCV 7268



What's the collective term for a group of Hartnells? A "Hmmm ..."? An "Eh ..."? For video, it's a 'Box Set'. The Sensorites, The Time Meddler and The Gunfighters mark the end

of the line for the First Doctor on VHS, all released together so no story has the stigma of being last.

Two lines stand out from The Sensorites, both in the first two episodes and both said by the Doctor: "An exercise in fear and power" – though you can junk the 'power' bit – and "The calmer you are, the stronger". In a perfect world, they should've been framed and hung in the show's production office, or tattooed on the back of all its writers' hands. I re-watched The Sensorites, but anything beyond Episode Three is a bit of a blur. Either me or the writer fell asleep, I can't remember which. The rot sets in when the Sensorites lead the Doctor through their home-world and past a fountain. Time Lords have fountains. In Doctor Who they're a shorthand for telling you a race is cultured and like-

ly to talk a lot. Sydney Newman probably loved it. The last half follows to the letter his idea of a wordy, science-led series there to educate – "Remember, kids – Deadly Nightshade is poisonous!"

The first half is in a different and better place altogether. Trapped aboard a spaceship, it's the sort of eerie, paranoiac, behind-the-sofa-ish stuff you look for in Troughton and are surprised to find here. Peter R Newman signed off after this, so we never got to find out which half was more his style. If it's

the use of a completely different Sensorite at the window.

The Sensorites' 'early Season Five-ishness' is typical of this box set where so much reminded me of things I'd see later. Hartnell Who covered so many different styles, it didn't leave the next 23 years with many new places to go, except to do it all over again, only this time, much slower. What other eras did for a year, sometimes three, Hartnell did every other story. By the same turn, if the Hartnell team made a mistake, it only lasted a couple of weeks. If it happened later, you'd be stuck with it for a season. The Time Meddler, for instance, is four episodes of what mid-1980s Doctor Who got stuck doing almost all the time. Altogether now ... "It's another TARDIS!" You can tell the production team didn't view this as the future; when Season Two thought it was doing something auspicious, it would give it six parts, hold photo calls next to bus stops and hire director Richard Martin!

It was a funny old world back then. Our first introduction to another member of the Doctor's race is greeted less than seriously, as if what was being implied wasn't of any consequence at all. Before the Monk popped up with a TARDIS of his own, I don't think there was anything to stop us believing that the Doctor hadn't built his himself, or that, apart from Susan, he wasn't the only member of his race travelling the universe. Personally, I can't imagine any other series – certainly none made today – dropping these sort of bombshells in a manner played largely for humour. I can certainly see a show ending a season like this, but as a dramatic hook to tune in next time, not – as with The Time Meddler – like a piece of end-of-term fun.

You can't look at The Gunfighters without first dealing with its long-term reputation as "that rubbish cowboy one nobody watched". Before pirate video and UK Gold, we'd always taken the Old School Fans' word on this – why, I've never been quite sure. Less people tuned in to watch all but one episode of Inferno but we've never felt the need to send that packing. Criticisms of The

The Hartnell era is a microcosm of the series as a whole

those opening episodes, then the man's an unrecognised genius who sniffed out the series' true and lasting appeal quicker than most. If – and I fear this may be the case – they were written to make six episodes of a four-part plot, then it proves a theory of mine that a lot of the best Doctor Who was made purely by chance. Really good and really mediocre Doctor Who are only ever a hair's breadth apart. Episode One's cliffhanger is a good example. Excellent, really very good. Then the 're-enacted' reprise. Exactly the same on the surface but with so many subtle, less effective differences – William Russell's delivery, eyeline, camera position and, not least,

Gunfighters have always had the stink of double standards about them. The idea that the series somehow embarrassed itself trying to match the visuals of a Hollywood western is a non-starter too. If you want to knock The Gunfighters, having a go at its sets isn't the best place to start. I get the impression that The Gunfighters is really rather good. It's very well directed – annoyingly well directed, in fact. Not the actors so much – they all sound and look a little awkward – but the camera. Much of it seems to have been shot from the ceiling, which gives it an unusual sense of scale, and the end of Episode One is brilliant; silly and tense all at once. No, I think the story's

real problem is simply this: we don't much like cowboy stories. I know that's casting the net pretty wide; they have an audience – we're just not it. We needn't feel bad about that, just so long as we recognise that the fault's with us, not the production. I'm sure a fan of *Rawhide* wouldn't think much of *The Tenth Planet*.

As with *The Sensorites*, *The Gunfighters*' best stuff comes early on, when the story seems to be satirising the Hollywood western rather than simply copying it. The Doctor and his companions stroll around Tombstone like it's a film set, or theme park. They dress up and drawl, adopting deliberately crude personas,

Steven the best of them in a fringed and unfeasibly white Roy Rogers outfit. Early on, the story reminds you of the knowing tongue-in-cheek style of the Graham Williams era. Made then, I can see it taking *The Androids of Tara*'s place as a *Westworld* rip-off – “Jelly baby, Mr Ringo?” – and being liked a whole lot more. Williams, however, mainly played with texts; *The Gunfighters* plays with form. The disembodied *Ballad of the Last Chance Saloon*, effectively singing the story as it happens, has been met with a dismay usually reserved for Keff McCulloch. Going by its awful reputation, you'd think the production couldn't have done

any worse if it had decided to lay down a laughter track. In fact, I rather like it. It keeps things perky and different while the story itself becomes more and more ordinary.

All told, Hartnell Who is like Magic Eye art. First off, you see only historicals and very long Dalek stories. The longer you look, however, the more you can make out; you start to see that it's everything else as well, a microcosm of the series as a whole. This isn't a box set of choice but of chance – Hartnell Who a bit below its best. It isn't intended to represent the Hartnell era, but it seems quite truthful all the same. VANESSA BISHOP

Also released
BY VANESSA BISHOP



THE DALEK SURVIVAL GUIDE
BBC BOOKS, £9.99

The *Dalek Survival Guide*'s press release believes Doctor Who's 40th anniversary to be the most likely time for a Dalek attack. BBC Books aren't just talking marketing – they mean the real thing, the full Dalek menace, Ruby Rays and all. If we are to take the *Guide* at its word – that Doctor Who was, in fact, a documentary series devised to alert the public to alien dangers, with the Dalek stories in particular being based on true events – then the mysterious ‘sources’ the press release quotes could have a point. In fact, Terry Nation, who discovered and translated the Dalek Chronicles on which these dramatisations were based, could well be part of the problem.

Section Three of the *Survival Guide* – ‘Frequently Asked Questions’ – asks “What do Daleks do for entertainment?” Their true passion, it says, is for reconnaissance – “A Dalek will go to any lengths to gather new information.” If planning an invasion in 2003, or thereabouts, I find it extremely unlikely that they – or indeed, their Dalek agents, probably sent on ahead and already here – wouldn't have caught some Doctor Who, perhaps on UK Gold or DVD. Like the Smash Martians in the old TV ads, who laughed at our old-fashioned mashed potato, the Daleks probably gather round old episodes and chuckle at all the bits the programme got wrong. The point is this – recognising that Nation has blown the gaff on their existence, the real Daleks could well use this 40th anniversary to their advantage, mingling in with the celebrations, appearing at signings, book launches and conventions, and playing along with the crowd as we know really devious Daleks can do. Perhaps the invasion's already afoot. This year's Longleat event had more Daleks in attendance than ever before and I have to wonder who's really behind Product Enterprise's all-too-perfect toys. Neither do I trust Pop Idol's Will and Gareth – both sing holding their ear like Michael Sheard does in *Remembrance*...

The *Dalek Survival Guide* recognises that age and a schoolboyish earnestness has made the

Murky

CRASH, BANG, WALLOP, SIGH ...

**DOCTOR WHO:
TIME ZERO**

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR JUSTIN RICHARDS
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0 563 53866 X



At the close of *Camera Obscura* we left the TARDIS crew split, Fellowship of the Ring-style. Anji was finally going home, Fitz had embarked on a suicidal mission to excavate mammoths in nineteenth century Siberia, and the Doctor was off to do Doctor-ish things. *Time Zero* picks up a few weeks later, with Anji back at the office being head-hunted by shadowy US agents investigating temporal disturbances in Siberia, and Fitz lost in the frozen Arctic wastes being hunted by dinosaurs from another universe. What has all this got to do with an ageing Russian countess and an ex-entertainer called the Great Attractor?

The current ‘arc’ in the Eighth Doctor books seems to have been going on for an age. It has been almost a year since we first met the enigmatic time traveller Sabbath and nearly two years since we became aware of forces tampering with the nature of Time. We've been tantalised with titbits of information, intrigued by dark hints about the true nature of Sabbath and his associates. What's needed now is some sort of closure, or at least a big surprise that pushes things forward; something with some big explosions and a twist that

leaves you hungry for more.

Time Zero succeeds on the first count – there are explosions aplenty. And puppy massacres in the Blue Peter studio. And horrible, flesh-eating dinosaurs. What the book is notably lacking is the sort of shock twist that would revitalise the ongoing storyline. The book can't really be criticised for not providing closure, but it seems a shame that range consultant Justin Richards hasn't been a bit more generous with momentous revelations, especially in a novel that is otherwise so carefully woven into the books' continuity. Not only does Sabbath pop up –

explanation of the hole in space that admits the dinosaurs at the same time we're trying to digest information about O-regions in space, take on board Sabbath's plans and worry about an imminent explosion. The final 80 pages of the book are tortuously complicated. Too many factions, characters and sub-plots compete for attention so that re-reading becomes necessary for all but those readers possessed of a Mel-like elephantine memory.

This tends to obscure the fact that the first 200 pages of the book go by like a dream. Richards has always been the Pertwee of the novel authors; a man of action whose ability to describe havoc is second to none. The dinosaur attacks are as vivid as anything Michael Crichton has ever written; Anji's avia-tional adventures put *Airforce One* to

Too many factions, characters and sub-plots compete for attention

under an appallingly oblique pseudonym that would baffle even the Master – but so does *The King of Terror*'s Control. We even learn the origins of the living fire seen in *The Burning*.

This is not continuity for continuity's sake, however. Sabbath's plan is to use the unfortunate Maxwell Curtis, infected and slowly transforming into a black hole, to collapse all parallel universes supposedly created by the Doctor's meddling into one easily controllable timeline. But, as the Doctor points out, all his adventures do take place within a single universe, hence the appearance of old friends and villains.

Sadly, the plot is as confusing as the quantum theory it revolves around. The problem is that Richards leaves it too late to introduce many key ideas. For example, we're treated to a garbled

shame; and the Doctor's bomb-defusing skills – halting the timer at 00:08 – are straight out of *Goldfinger*. Even the multiple plot strands are manageable, as Richards keeps each one moving along at a fair pace without it becoming over-complicated. It's only when everything comes together in Siberia that it all falls apart.

As part of the arc, *Time Zero* poses more questions than it answers, tending to muddy already murky waters rather than providing any sort of release, and leaving us none the wiser about Sabbath's allies or their motives. But nor can it really be read as a stand alone, as too much of its impact relies on knowledge of the ongoing story. Falling between both camps, *Time Zero* is unlikely to wholly satisfy either.

MATT MICHAEL

Loopy

LOVING THE ALIEN ...

**DOCTOR WHO:
THE SUNS OF CARESH**

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR PAUL SAINT
RRP £5.99
ISBN 0 563 53858 9

It's easy to make someone look alien, harder to make them feel it. Take Troy Game, *The Suns of Caresh*'s girl who fell to Earth – abnormally large irises, closely cropped hair, no earlobes and, while on our planet, a craving for oranges. What makes Troy Game more than just Sinead O'Connor in space – and one of Doctor

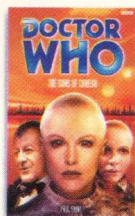
Who's most convincing aliens – is how she sees our world. She questions details we take for granted – the purpose of applause, the earnestness of newscasters. It's a perspective that recalls the ‘say what you see’ approach of the Silurians in Malcolm Hulke's *Cave Monsters* novelisation, reptile Morka describing a gun as “a stick that exploded and caused pain”, and Troy Game a biro as “a kind of stylus ... with its own ink supply.”

Troy Game is trapped on Earth

◀ 1960s Dalek books quite funny. They can be read in context, or satirically, and *The Dalek Survival Guide* seeks to be read in the same way. It's a book that's as serious, or as silly, as you want it to be. It's not a book where you'll find mention of David Whitaker, Ray Cusick or the phrase "No BEMs". It's interested only in fictional facts, with *The Dalek Chronicles* – invented by Nation in the 1960s – as important to it as anything presented on television. It isn't shy about Dalek technology; hyping up transolar discs or hoverbouts and introducing us to other battle crafts – the troublingly phallic 'Skaro Screamer' and the drill-nosed 'Dalek Cleaver'. Neither does the obligatory Dalek cross-section modernise its vocabulary – a Dalek's memory bank can, charmingly, still store as much information 'as is held in the British Library'!

More often than not, it sounds like the Book from *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. 'The Doctor – Man or Myth?' is hard to read without hearing Peter Jones' voice; so is its information on Special Weapons Daleks, particularly the line about their lack of sophistication – "Hence the old expression 'As stupid as an SWD'". If this book had appeared when I was a nipper, I probably would have taken much of it on face value, delighting in the bits recognisable as facts from the TV series, and picking and choosing from the rest. With this in mind, I might have simply regarded Kembel miner Francine Mole's pamphlet 'Sleeping with Daleks and waking refreshed' as a silly space-filler, rather than finding a peculiar admiration for how it manages to so inoffensively spoof 1970s love bible *The Joy of Sex*.

Naturally, as is the case with satire, some of this misses the mark. 'The Daleks – are they all bad?' attempts to see the creatures as maligned, and as lovers of art. It fails because it's clearly a silly joke, a single entendre and not in Terry Nation's style at all. I must admit, when I first heard about *The Dalek Survival Guide* I thought it was going to be a glossy, detailed run-through of all their TV appearances, part technical manual, part episode guide, with rare photographs and unused storylines. I'm glad to report that, although it won't be to all tastes, at least it's not as blandly unimaginative as that.



and desperate to return home. She's looking for Lord Roche, the Time Lord who brought her to Chichester, 1999. So is the Doctor, roped in by Time Lady Solenti to investigate both Roche's disappearance and the puzzling 27-year-long time fracture he's suspectedly linked to. So too are the aptly-named Furies – vortex creatures with jackal-like heads who turn anything in their way to stone – angry at Roche for conducting science experiments on their patch.

Contrary to a cover and title that imply highbrow fantasy and pretentious prose, *The Suns of Caresh* is clear and likeable. Paul Saint's novel works with many SF staples but still manages to be sensitive and human. We can all relate to science-fiction fan, Simon Haldane. Whether you just enjoy a favourite TV programme, dress up as a Klingon on a Friday or, like Simon, read fantasy books with dreamy titles like *The Suns of Caresh*, the jokes are the same. Simon, however, is no *Greatest Show in the Galaxy* 'Whizzkid' geek – just a nice guy who falls in love with an alien. Hence the book's first quarter is a bit like *Mork and Mindy* with meaning – Simon learning about Caresh, Troy learning about

Earth. If you're also sensing shades of *Delta and the Bannermen*, don't bother – the only physical contact made is her beating him up when he tries it on in the shower. Sadly, Saint gives Simon the brush-off too. Having helped illustrate a point, he's abruptly killed, which is a shame. It would've been nice to have him meet the Doctor and visit Caresh, having been told so much about it.

This is a largely Earth-based Pertwee tale told without UNIT or the Master. The latter is swapped for Lord Roche, and for most of the book you find yourself ask-

The Suns of Caresh shines. It's intelligent, yet still colourfully loopy. It's like a *Planet of the Spiders* with all the same old fun and action, but where we really get inside Mike Yates' head and discover why he feels at odds with the world. Like other recent Third Doctor novels, it can't resist a joke at Pertwee's expense, re-wording his Green Cross Code mantra for a car journey – "If it's flashing amber and there are no pedestrians you have right of way." Its weakness is a tendency to drop characters and plotlines – or that it chooses to run with the

The book's first quarter is like Mork and Mindy with meaning!

ing 'why'? Roche is, after all, almost as ridiculous – a Time Lord trickster with a penchant for disguise and a grand, Bond-style, weather-control plan. Doctor Who doesn't need any more renegade Time Lords, but considering Roche's development, I'm prepared to give him the benefit of the doubt. It becomes apparent Roche is not so much bad as misguided, as obsessed with Caresh as the Third Doctor is with Metebelis Three. His plan – to alter Caresh's gravitation to improve its cold climate – isn't about conquering worlds, more about helping them.

wrong ones. Killing off Simon is a mistake, so is returning to an earlier Doctor doppelganger plot at the end. It's funny on Earth, playing on descriptive humour rather than any possible mix-up, but the final doubt cast over the Doctor's identity appears tagged on just for the sake of some last minute tension. It might work for Jo and Troy Game, but not for the reader, who knows the impostor isn't even on the same planet – but these are minor criticisms compared to the sheer entertainment the novel provides.

VANESSA BISHOP

Academic

DICTIONARIES AT THE READY ... AND THAT'S JUST FOR THE REVIEW!

**DOCTOR WHO:
...ISH**

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR PHILIP PASCOE
RRP £13.99
ISBN 1 903654 73 4



Any prejudices I might have held about Australians being for the most part itinerant backpackers with a vocabulary seldom extending beyond "no", "worries", and "mate" were swiftly banished by just the first few minutes of *...ish* which makes new writer Philip Pascoe the equal, lexically at least, of an Isherwood or Ishiguro. It would be blatant in the extreme to observe that this is an extremely atypical *Doctor Who* story, but perhaps more useful to examine why.

Arriving at a lexicographical symposium, the Doctor, and to a lesser extent Peri, instantly reveal a deeper than hitherto explored fascination for words, just as the Doctor of *The Time of the Daleks* only nailed his colours to the mast as a scholar and fan of Shakespeare when the story demanded it. Be it art, food, drama or, as here, language, these interest-themed stories immediately set themselves apart from the crowd. Then there's the setting – a self-contained campus of visiting academics, which immediately had me in mind of David Lodge or Malcolm Bradbury's postdoctoral bonkbusters. Yet, this university

allows *...ish* to rise above corporeal titillation by isolating it from the rest of the world and allowing the play to function in the realm of ideas and discourse. It is not soldiers who are advanced in this battle, but propositions. *...ish* is about nothing so prosaic as the survival of a people, or a planet, but the survival of ideas.

In 1976, Richard Dawkins coined the term "meme" to mean, loosely, an idea that survives by replicating. Had I not spent a very enjoyable week earlier this year reading his *The Blind Watchmaker*, I might have dismissed much of *...ish* as



Peri and the Doctor: Chutpah in evidence ...

fanciful to the point of absurdity, but I've come round to the geneticists' perspective that people, for example, are genes' method of survival, and not the other way round. And the same applies to

memes. When the Doctor (I will eventually come back to him, I promise) avers that rather than having mastered the English language, "It is English that has mastered me", he gives pause to contemplate that the English language is not, as I had previously assumed, an artefact of humanity, but an evolving, living thing that uses human beings, and now books and other media, to survive. English is a virus and we are merely its hosts.

This play, by focussing on the discovery and development of ideas, does at times feel more like an academic text than an entertainment offering – but it's a playful text, like Hofstadter's *Goedel, Escher Bach* (also one that I feel I will have to restart many times before gaining its intended enlightenment). For Phil Pascoe has been influenced by Dawkins' much-missed chum, Douglas Adams, from such minutiae as translating fish and a very familiar sound effect for an electronic book, to such grand conceit as applying a cosmological metaphor to lexical theory. *...ish* postulates that all words now are merely fragments from the big bang's "omniverb", the original longest word in existence, and that not only all matter but all information was bound up in a single particle. It seems that in the beginning, as has been claimed elsewhere, *was* the word. Silly, yes – but if you extend the definition of "word" to include any signifier used to convey information, very thought-provoking indeed.

With its superficial similarity to Big Finish's earlier *Whispers of Terror*, one might have thought that the Sixth Doctor and Peri were an unimaginative repeat choice for this piece, but I cannot imagine any other combination having the *chutpah* to make it through such a

challenging text. Unlike typical Doctor Who stories, ...ish has new ideas, even new ways of thinking, still rolling out almost until the very end. I challenge any listener, be he a professor of drama or a cryptic crossword prize-winner, to guess

what will happen next. Or even what just happened. I got lost shortly into Part Three, but felt I did well to do so. Yet, the play prompted one of the most lively dinner-table debates in my household for some time, and prompted me to look

up the background of memetics. By fulfilling Sydney Newman's Reithian ambition that the series should strive to be educational, ...ish perfectly fits one particular definition of traditional Doctor Who. DAVE OWEN

Charming

WHATEVER HAS HAPPENED TO SARAH JANE SMITH ...?

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COMEBACK



"A little learning is a dangerous thing" says the sinister village squire towards the end of this curious encore for one of Doctor Who's

best-loved characters. Any listeners with even a cursory knowledge of Information Technology will be more than aware of this already, such is the density of howlers and clichés herein. Better by far to keep such references vague than have listeners smirk when it is implied that a major bank runs its operations on a single computer server. Or to invite hoots of derision from a significant portion of one's listenership when a character explains that the internet is "like a spider's web – touch one part and the rest starts to quiver". Oh, please!

In fairness, it's a tough assignment. Although Sarah Jane is without doubt the most appropriate companion for further investigation, she still suffers from the post-Doctor dilemma: make her too independent and assertive and it seems bizarre that he ever had to rescue her; make her too fallible and she becomes unworthy of exploration.

Salvation comes in her profession. She has developed, almost convincingly, from the inquisitive investigator of *The Time Warrior* into a crusading campaigner on her *Planet Three* undercover TV series. The script is amusingly coy about her age, but the fact that she's clearly older than the Internet ghouls and crusties who are her foot soldiers is not the issue. Rather, what fails to ring true about this Sarah Jane (or 'SJ' – as most of the characters address her) is her assimilation of much that is irritating about contemporary life.

I was in love with Sarah for a significant number of my pre-teen years, but if I'd heard her swear like she does here, I'd have cried. Worst of all, she phrases questions or requests by simply raising the pitch of her voice at the end of her, like, sentence ...? This is a compelling, contemporary character, with exciting possibilities, but I can't quite yet make the connection between her and the girl who hauled the power cable through the Ark In Space's infrastructure. Indeed, with every fact in the world at her fingertips, and a wisecrack for every occasion, she has far more in common with the actress who provided Ark's DVD commentary ...

Sarah isn't the only smart-alec here by a long way, Kg having been replaced by another talking data mine – presumably

because the little fellow (who gets nary a mention) is gathering dust in the attic at Moreton Harwood. It would be cruel to dismiss orange-stickered geek girl Nat as just another know-it-all on wheels, but she does little to arouse my sympathies, maintaining Kg's tendency to recite an encyclopedia entry at the drop of a hat. Or maybe it's just because she's so suspicious of Josh, the bit of token trouser in Sarah's new gang – a rough diamond I trust instantly on a bloke-to-bloke level.

There is a plot of sorts wrapped up in all this (some nonsense about a village hiding a dark secret), but it's insignificant, really, compared with the ramifications of Sarah's new lifestyle. How would you feel if you walked into your local NatWest to cancel a standing order and found you were being served by Donal Macintyre? Or if you were asked to change your identity, yet were allowed to keep your car registration and bank account? In this crazy world, these are all normal events.

I really shouldn't ... but I love this!



**Sarah Jane is now a compelling,
contemporary character**

THE TAO CONNECTION



Barry Letts must be an old hand at this by now. He was writing Doctor Who audio dramas featuring Sarah nearly a decade ago – and this script is unmistakably his. Who else would have her infiltrate a rural wellness centre – assuring an intellectually modest local that her presence could be "our little secret" – but the man behind *Planet of the Spiders*. I can't think of anyone more uniquely placed to write for a team of Sarah Jane Smith plus a young male co-conspirator – be that Mike, Harry, or Jeremy – and, accordingly, the dynamic between Sarah and Josh makes for as likable a team as I can imagine. Josh's success highlights how few contemporary male characters have appeared in Doctor

Who. The series' soldiers, priests and scientists seldom had time to muck about, be lovingly sarcastic or, as here, be escorted from a country house, slurring *My Way*, with their trousers round their ankles ...

If this series isn't sponsored by Nokia, it really should be, such is Sarah's dependence on near-continuous mobile phone contact with Josh when action is required, or with Nat when she needs intelligence (of either sort). This makes for a fast-progressing story – all the better when, as here, there's nothing of any great complexity to depict. Without a time ring or a Metebelis crystal to involve her, it's harder work to believably pull Sarah into a mystery. Here she gets involved without even looking for trouble – which is her job, anyway, I suppose – by dint of a friend of a friend being abducted. Once involved, it's a straightforward matter of calling in a few favours, asking the geek girl to hack (sic) a police computer, and then heading North to crack a conspiracy.

Back in 1973, when we first met her, Sarah was impersonating her Great-Aunt Lavinia, albeit mainly by saying "Hello, I am my Great-Aunt Lavinia" like someone on *Who Do You Do?* She has not subsequently shown much fondness for disguise, so it's quite a jolt to witness her transformation into Daisy the cleaner here. Not since the Third Doctor adopted the guise of Llanfairfach's milkman has rural Britain been quite so crudely patronised – contrast "Eeeh bah goom" Daisy with Maggie Stables' B&B landlady, and observe the subtle but significant distinction between trying and succeeding.

For all the over-the-top distinctiveness of these ladies, they pale in comparison to Moray Treadwell's villain of the piece, Will Butley, a reclusive elderly philanthropist – and as far from philanthropic as philanthropists invariably are in thriller fiction. I have serious reservations about this character. Although he's not the first villain to

survive by absorbing the life essence of young sex workers procured from the streets of London, he preys predominantly on young men. Portrayed as a giggly, Judy Garland-loving old stereotype, he does as little for the cause of gay emancipation as Duncan "I'm a homosexual – how hilarious!" Norvelle.

It's a relief that these first two cases for Sarah Jane have appeared side-by-side, because *The Tao Connection* offers hope that the rest of the series can focus on straightforward storytelling instead of dwelling on Sarah's incredible circumstances as *Comeback* did. Now that, after two discs, the superficial differences between her old and new selves have been pushed aside by the very consistency of her essence, I find that I'm glad that the producers decided to wonder *Whatever Happened To Sarah Jane?* DAVE OWEN



BERNICE SUMMERFIELD AND THE PLAGUE HERDS OF EXCELIS

BIG FINISH, £9.99

Excelis is under siege. Diseased animal carcasses are being catapulted over its city walls by barbarians. This is not a good time for Bernice Summerfield to show up, or to get involved with Time Lady Iris Wildthyme's plan to steal Excelis' ancient Relic. Not a good time at all – a doomy prophet has signalled the end of the world and one of the signs is the arrival of outsiders ...

Benny's Excelis story has the feel of a drama written to order. As the last of the quartet, it suffers with recaps and long explanations of the Relic, and overall, separated by the distinct look of her own range, this seems a strange place to discover its true significance.

I also find Katy Manning's Iris rather odd. She's entertaining enough, but I'm unsure how to see her. By her "chuck"s, "love"s and general Dora Bryan-ish warble, we're dealing with the more mature model from novels *The Scarlet Empress* and *Verdigris* – and that's how Adrian Salmon's cover art shows her – but the script never gives any description. Pictures of the very un-Dora Bryan-ish Manning in the sleeve-notes, however, encourage you to remember Iris's 'Barbarella' persona from *The Blue Angel*. To add another image, DWM Review cartoonist Roger Langridge saw her pretty much how Katy looks now. Whatever, I think Big Finish missed a trick with her casting. Katy, I'm sure, could have handled both regenerations – the vampish, younger Iris in one play, the batty old aunt version in the other, the former allowing Katy to use her now attractively husky voice to great effect.

For the first time, *Plague Herds* is Iris courtesy of someone other than Paul Magrs. Stephen Cole retains her *Carry On* sauciness and thirst for a stiff drink – but perhaps because her Doctor fancy-man isn't on the scene, she doesn't spin so many of her apocryphal stories. Actually, it's better that she doesn't, as she would eventually let slip the name of her beloved – and a nice aspect of Cole's script is that it's only at the end that Iris and Benny realise they share a certain acquaintance. It gives Iris the best line of the production: "Know 'im?...I've 'ad 'im!"



Readers with long memories and short legs may recall that, a couple of years ago, I made passing mention of an ancient and allegedly humorous fanzine article I once wrote called *The Susan Diaries*. At the time, we had quite a few requests from readers to reproduce the article in a future column. Oh no, I thought. Quite out of the question. Let bygones be bygones. Let Zygons be Zygons. But then, just the other day, I was trawling through a dusty pile of floppy disks and, rather to my surprise, I unearthed the piece in question. Even more to my surprise, it made me chuckle a bit. And then, as if on cue, I was roused from my reverie by a phone call from our mutual friend Thin Cackly Moan, reminding me that the latest column was somewhat overdue. Not unlike Professor Clifford Jones, I was struck at once by the serendipity of the situation and set to work without delay on refining my pile of old fungus. And thus it is that over the next two issues, I am proud to present the complete, unabridged and undeniably true diaries of the Doctor's granddaughter Susan Foreman.

"The Susan Diaries" PART ONE

The story of the diaries' discovery is almost as remarkable as the tale they have to tell. Demolition workers assigned to clear the unfeasibly large cellar of a small secondary school in Shoreditch were surprised to find, smothered in 40-odd years' thickness of cobwebs and dust, a tatty old hardback book about the French Revolution. Opening its ancient pages, they were puzzled to discover firstly what appeared to be corrections and rude words scribbled in the margins; and secondly, a large and uneven wad of notes crammed between the pages, variously handwritten, typed, printed and quasi-holographed (a process as yet unknown on this planet) on a more diverse collection of paper, plastic, wax and metal-plating than the flummoxed artisans had ever seen. Brushing away the remains of the crumbling elastic band that had once held the mysterious bundle together, they read what they found with mounting astonishment ...

26TH DECEMBER 2164

I don't believe it. That old fool Grandfather has really gone and done it this time. He's only gone and dematerialised without me, after getting it into his senile old brain that I fancy some mindless sporan-basher with an even stupider accent than Yartek. So here I am, stranded on a third-rate planet that's just been comprehensively shafted by the Daleks, with a sore foot, half a pair of shoes and a husband whose only redeeming feature is a distinct lack of longevity. If I ever see Grandfather again, which isn't exactly likely, I'm going to punch him very hard.

25TH NOVEMBER 2183

David was off at another meeting last night, so that nice Mr Tyler came round to help with the babysitting again. Went shopping and got kidnapped by a flying triangle.

26TH NOVEMBER 2183

Back in London again. Flip knows where I've been and why, because my memory of the last 24 hours has been wiped – of all the flaming cheek. If it turns out that this has anything to do with Grandfather, he's going to have some serious explaining to do.

10TH APRIL 2213

David's snuffed it at last, thank Rassilon. Tyler's moved in, but let's face it, he's not going to last much longer.

6TH FEBRUARY 2221

Regenerated.

17TH MAY 2279

God, this planet is boring. Still, at least they invented interplanetary travel a century or so ago. I've started doing a bit of contract space-piloting. The pay's lousy, so I've got involved with a spot of extra-curricular business. We're raking it in.

19TH FEBRUARY 2281

Damn! That moron Dymond went and crashed his stupid ship into the Empress and the whole Vrax ring has been smashed. And the unbelievable thing is that they're saying the bloke who shopped Dymond and Tryst was called the Doctor! That does it. Grandfather is a dead man.

27TH MAY 2281

Had to regenerate to recover from Vrax withdrawal. Met this really nice scientist geezer at the rehab clinic, and we're getting married because of a slight indiscretion.

2ND JANUARY 2282

Oh God, it's twins.

1ST JANUARY 2288

New Year's Day. The twins are six years old tomorrow, and all they want is a flipping computer. Mathematical little toads.

30TH AUGUST 2294

Brilliant news! Someone's kidnapped the little sods! Knowing how efficient that silly cow at Space Control is, I'll never see them again. But just to make sure, I phoned her up pretending to be the President and called off the rescue ships. May her bones rot if she disobeys me. Bought a crate of champers.

6TH SEPTEMBER 2294

If I ever clap eyes on my flaming Grandfather again, I swear I'll murder him. He brought the bloody twins home last night while I was out. Lucky for him that I was – if I'd been there I'd have kneed him in the symbiotic nuclei.

15TH DECEMBER 2476

Regenerated. I'm getting into politics. Good money.

9TH JULY 2537

Got elected Earth President. Cushy job, loadsa power, and a rather dishy general as my chief adviser. Now if that swine of a Grandfather ever comes my way again, I'm in a position to make him really suffer.

5TH MAY 2540

Ha ha ha! Gotcha! They dragged him in this morning and accused him of working for the Dragons, so I shoved him on the next shuttle to the moon! Got hammered.

12TH MAY 2540

Nearly had a hearts attack this afternoon when they brought flipping Grandfather back into my office. I couldn't do anything 'cos the Dragon prince was there and I could do without any aggro from that lot. Sent Grandfather off on a seriously dangerous mission to look for some planet or other. As soon as he'd gone, I phoned up the Daleks and told them the co-ordinates.

What happens next in the incredible story of Susan's life? And how exactly did her diaries come to be in the basement of Coal Hill School when they appear to cover the events of her life after she parted company with the Doctor? All will be revealed next issue...

DWM

The Final Test

Six stupidly hard questions about TV's Doctor Who follow. See, this is what happens when you spend your days hanging about on Albert Bridge ...

What connects:

- 1 Sergeant Benton, Romana II, and the Fifth and Seventh Doctors?
- 2 The Moonbase, The Invasion, Revenge of the Cybermen and no others?
- 3 A churchwarden, a pathologist, not a Swampie?
- 4 The Celestial Toymaker, The Space Pirates, The Monster of Peladon, Underworld, Kinda and Timelash?
- 5 Time, Doctor Who, and a spy?
- 6 Scientist, Harker [pictured], Rudge, Maynarde, and one of Meglos' creators?



Answers from last issue

- 1 The actors who played them (Peter Miles, Dennis Chinnery, Stephen Yardley, Hilary Minster, Michael Wisher) all appear in *Genesis of the Daleks*
- 2 In each case the director (Henric Hirsch, Rex Tucker, Barry Letts) is not credited in the closing titles
- 3 All called Carter (*The Hand of Fear*; *Earthshock*; *K9 and Company*)
- 4 Each has an individual episode entitled *Invasion*
- 5 The actors who played them (Ian McCulloch, Chris Tranchell, Denis Lill, Hugh Walters, Terry Scully) were all regulars in Terry Nation's 1970s drama *Survivors*.
- 6 Each takes place on an unnamed planet

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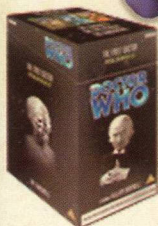
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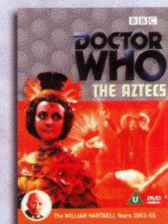


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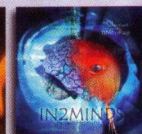


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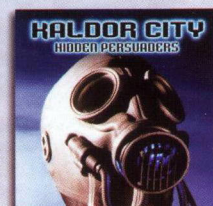
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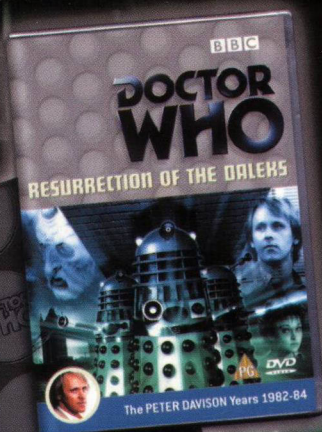
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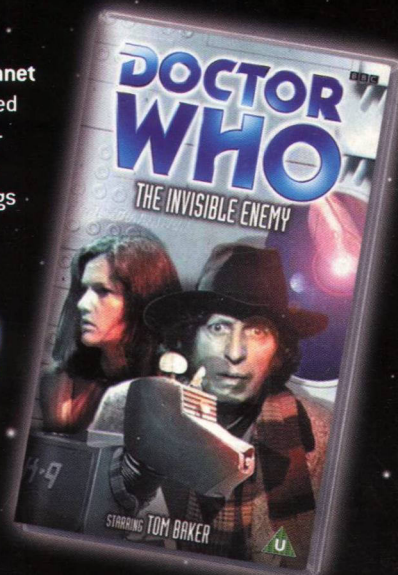
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